

Rolling Stone

SEX
& THE
SINGLE
DIVA

Mariah
Carey

THE
WILD
RIDE
& SAD
END

Chris
Farley

A FRIEND
REMEMBERS

By
David
Spade

SEAN
LENNON

SUGAR
RAY

MASE

GOLDIE'S
NEW LP

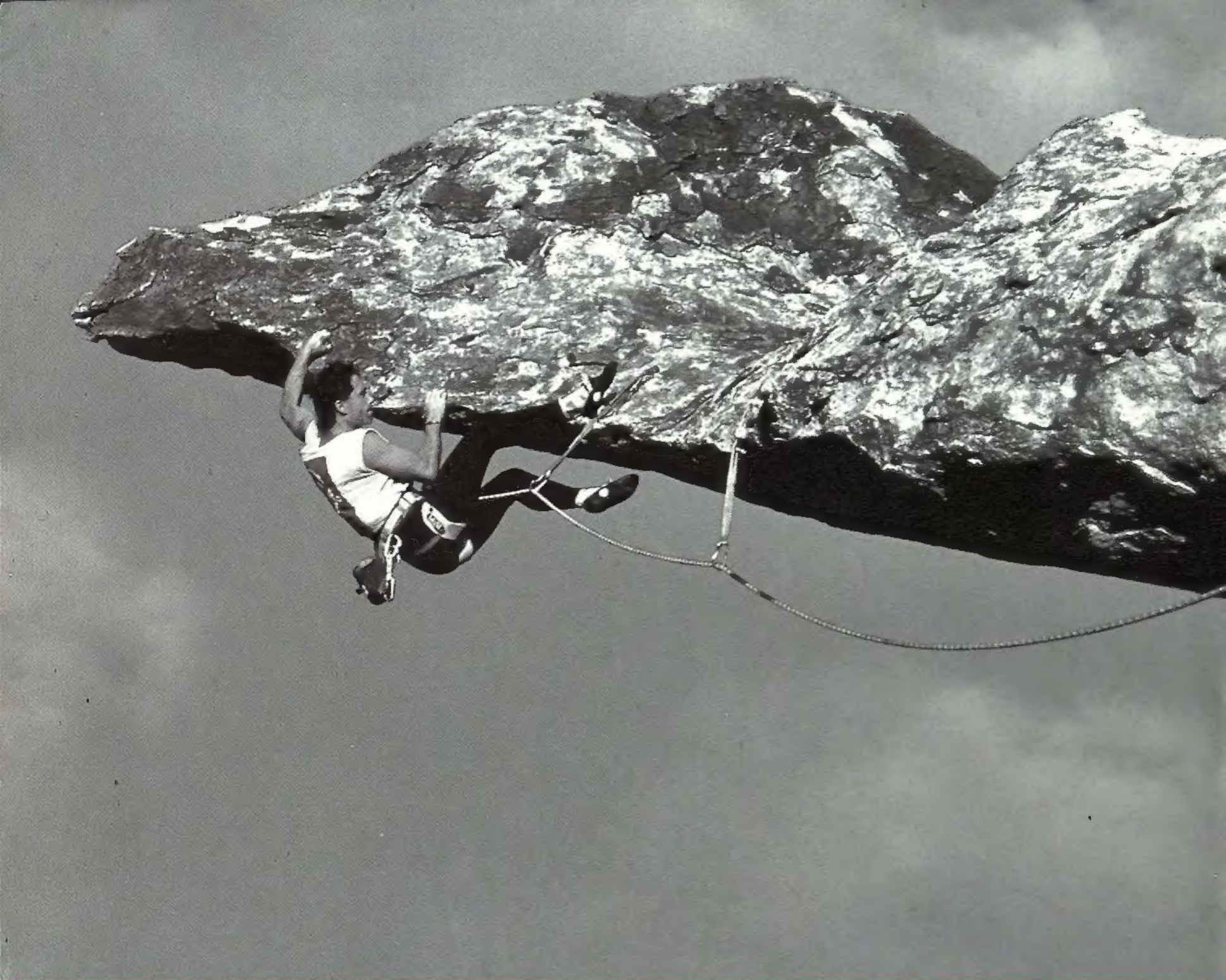
Chumba-
wamba

SONGS OF
BOOZE &
REVOLUTION

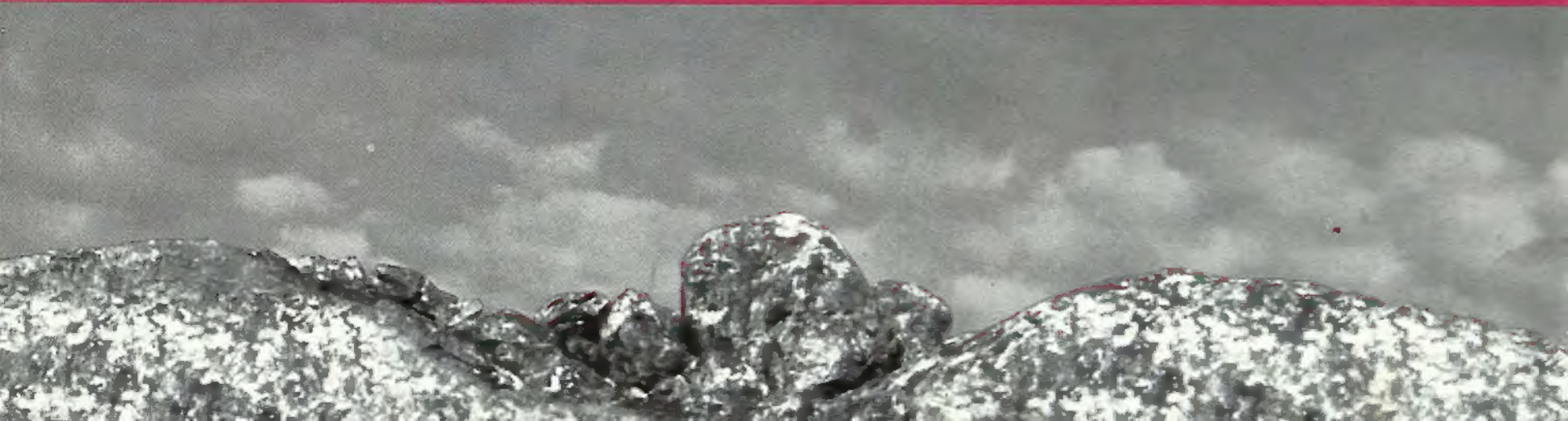
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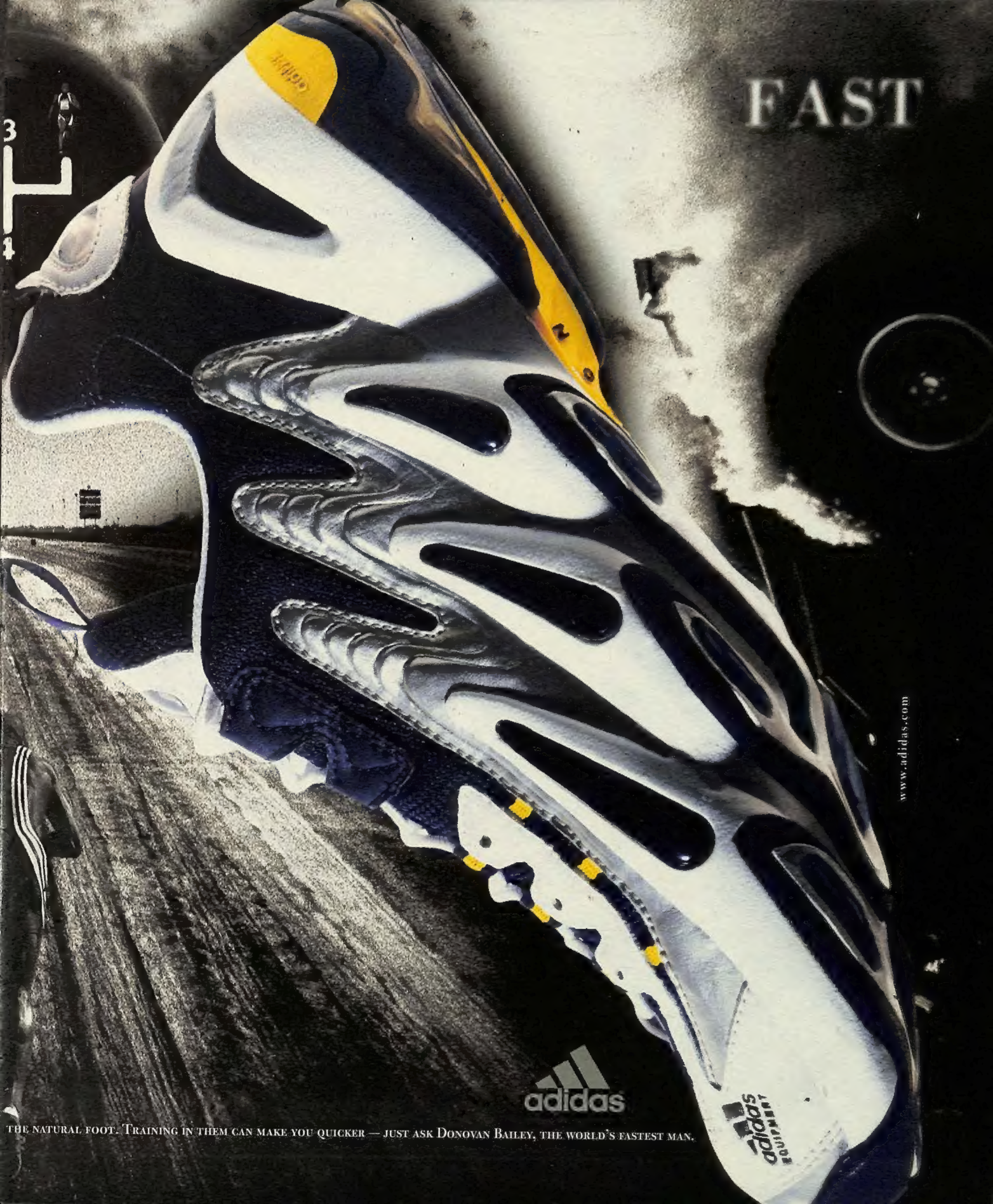
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LARGER THAN LIFE

FOR WRITER ERIK HEDEGAARD, THE TRIBUTE IN this issue to actor Chris Farley, who was found dead in his Chicago apartment on Dec. 18, is a sad follow-up. Last summer, Hedegaard spent the better part of a week with the actor while researching a profile for the September issue of our sister publication *US*. His piece, titled "Chris Farley: On the Edge of Disaster," portrayed a young star in a tenuous truce with his Falstaff-size appetites. "Chris was outrageous the whole time, but he was clean and sober," says Hedegaard. "I was with him when he did live improvisation for the first time in years - which terrified him - without caving in to a drink. That took real *cojones*." Though the piece was touching in parts, accurate in its facts and genuinely affectionate, many of those around Farley thought the retelling of his struggles with booze, drugs and women was one-sided and hurtful. "I accept the blame as the messenger of the bad news," says Hedegaard, "but I wrote what I saw, what I was told and what had been previously reported."

Hedegaard found Farley to be a great guy, honest to a fault and cordial beyond the call of duty. "He never left me out of anything," Hedegaard says. "If he ran into a pal, he would introduce me promptly. It was the height of good manners, and unexpected civility from a celebrity." Farley, a fearless physical comedian, spoke often of his connection to the late John Belushi, and invited the comparisons. He studied Belushi's routines and mannerisms, and even thought about starring in his mentor's life story. Like his hero, Farley died at age 33 in a blaze of excess, leaving us once again with the empty questions that attach to another promising life that ended too soon.

—ROBERT LOVE, *Managing Editor*

MARIAH CAREY By Mim Udovitch..... 30
Hit records, short, tight clothing, living single - it's all part of the job for the people's pop princess.

CHRIS FARLEY, 1964-1997 By Erik Hedegaard... 39
"There's only one who's in control," the comedian once said. "He'll take me when He wants me. I just ask that He forgives me my sins." **PLUS:** David Spade remembers his best friend.

CHUMBAWAMBA By Chris Mundy..... 48
Meet the world's only million-selling anarchists.

ROCK & ROLL..... 17
David Fricke on Sean Lennon's solo debut, *Photosynthesis*. **PLUS:** Eric Boehlert on rock acts' dismal 1997 record sales; Mase; Sting.

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Neil Strauss on Goldie's *Saturnz Return* and the dance-singles compilation *V Classic, Volume 1*. **ALSO REVIEWED:** New releases by Victoria Williams; Modest Mouse; Jimmy Buffett.

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Peter Travers on *Spiceworld* and *Tomorrow Never Dies*. **ALSO REVIEWED:** Pedro Almodóvar's *Live Flesh*.

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RS 779 "ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS"

CHRIS FARLEY, 1964-1997..... 39



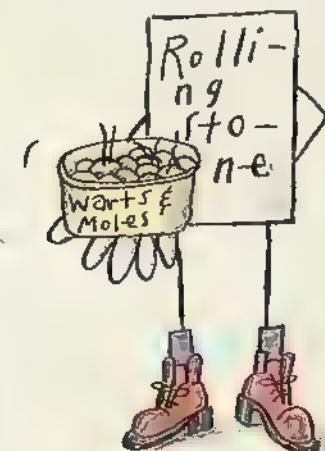
COVER Photograph of Mariah Carey by Albert Watson, New York, November 1997
Hair by Serge Normant; Makeup by Laura Mercier for Laura Mercier Cosmetics
Styling by Tonja Twist; Manicure by Vicky Sajn for J. Butler; Hat by Buffalo Chips

"I was gladdened at the sight of stretch marks on Molly Shannon's legs!"

CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

"Saturday Night Live"

FINALLY, SOMEONE PUT DOWN the touch-up pen! Accustomed as I am to people on magazine covers looking absolutely pristine, to the point where not a single hair is out of place, I was



gladdened at the sight of stretch marks on Molly Shannon's legs [RS 774]! At long last, a magazine that doesn't touch up its subjects to the point of (cosmetic) perfection! I must say "cool."

LAUREN ABBOTT
West Seneca, N.Y.

MCCARREN INTERNATIONAL Airport, Las Vegas. Magazine rack in last-chance gift shop. I couldn't find the latest issue until I realized that the staff of retirees had flipped the issues of ROLLING STONE over, due to the flash of bootie by SNL's Molly Shannon. Censorship? Definitely, as the old gropers are probably offended that their thighs don't look like that. Thank you for the most humorous cover I've seen in a while.

ANDRE LLANOS
Las Vegas, Nev.

PERHAPS NORM MACDONALD should spend less time instigating a feud with Chris Kattan and more time coming up with punch lines other than "crack whore."

RICHARD WERDER
New Market, Ala.

Fortress America

THANK YOU, WILLIAM GREIDER, for explaining what happened to the peace dividend ["Fortress America, Part 2," RS 774]. The real shame is that

America's laid-off defense workers can't get jobs at other peacetime plants. America's largest manufacturers (insert sports-shoe company name here) have sent all of our solid blue-collar jobs to communist countries like Vietnam and China, where wages are kept artificially low. Now the defense workers' only hope is the selling of military hardware to former Eastern-bloc countries. I wonder what the Reagan-era hawks think of this version of national security.

RANDY BLAZAK
Portland, Ore.

"Why Can't We Be Friends?"

SO, THE DAY I'VE DREADED FOR SO long has finally arrived: My longtime heroes, the Beatles and the Stones, are showing their age [Random Notes, RS 774]. George, are you comparing U2 and Oasis with a band you were in 27 years ago that belonged to two other fellas? I love you dearly, man, but come on, lighten up! Keith, I love the new album and I have the greatest respect for you,



but I think that Elton has paid his dues. So, old-timers, let's all shut up and dance.

NICK LUCAS
Shrewsbury, Mass.

LIAM GALLAGHER'S PRONOUNCEment that George Harrison is a "fucking nipple" is not Brit-speak but the product of Liam's fertile imagination. The U.K. can in no way be held responsible.

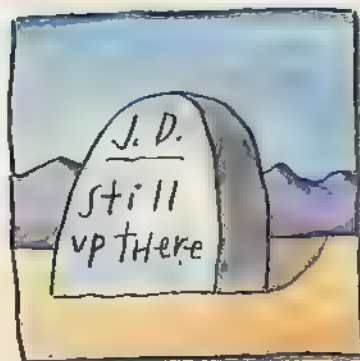
MARTIN LEWIS
Bradford, England

John Denver

IN 30 YEARS OF DARK, DEPRESSING groups such as the Doors, the Velvet Underground and Nirvana, John Denver was always a beacon of optimism to

the many who either cannot or will not embrace the darker side of music ["John Denver, 1943-1997," RS 774]. Thank you for a worthwhile article on someone whose presence made many people much happier.

ERIK BECK
Tempe, Ariz.



DON'T YOU THINK IT'S DISRESPECTFUL to use someone's death as a platform to trash his life? I don't mind the mention of John Denver's dark side (everyone has a dark side), but you should have gone a little deeper into his light side and his poetic lyrics about nature and spirituality. It is too bad that the last piece ROLLING STONE will ever write about him was a negative and sour tribute. Bad karma for you.

KRISTI MARIE STEINMETZ
Seattle, Wash.

Congratulations

The National Council on Crime and Delinquency has named Contributing Editor Randall Sullivan the winner of its PASS Award, which honors "excellence in communicating the complex problems of crime to the American people." Sullivan's winning article, "Lynching in Malibu," appeared in RS 768.

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Everybody now! Weir, Hart and Lesh (from left) lead a sing-along in San Francisco

People pay good money to hang out with the Dead. Fans flocked to San Francisco's Maritime Hall for PhilHarmonia, a sing-along concert organized by the GRATEFUL DEAD's PHIL

LESH. The group - including Dead mates BOB WEIR and MICK- EY HART, BRUCE HORNSBY, EDIE BRICKELL and '70s Dead vocalist DONNA GODCHAUX - led the crowd in spirituals like "Go Tell It on the

Mountain" and Dead favorites like "Ripple." The event raised \$70,000 for Lesh's Unbroken Chain Foundation, which funds community projects in San Francisco. "It feels like being home again," said one attendee.



Rage Against the Machine's Morello (in white T-shirt) protests Guess's labor practices at a rally in Santa Monica, Calif.

Fight the power! RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE guitarist TOM MORELLO joined members of UNITE (Union of Needletrades, Industrial and Textile Employees) in a protest against GUESS? apparel. After a march through Santa Monica, Calif., Morello and 32 demonstrators were arrested when they blocked the entrance to a Robinsons-May

department store. UNITE alleges that Guess? uses sweatshop labor in Los Angeles to produce its clothes. "Most of the workers are making only minimum wage, if that," says UNITE spokeswoman HIL-LARY HORN. "It is a gross violation," Guess? spokesman BILL BARNES disputes UNITE's claim, saying that "the company is 100 percent sweatshop-

free." Still, the NATIONAL LABOR RELATIONS BOARD has filed a formal complaint against Guess?, with a trial scheduled for February. "The people who listen to Rage are the same people that Guess? is trying to sell their clothes to," Morello says "[Guess?] is counting on the fact that people are too stupid to figure out the exploitation that goes on."

RANDOM NOTES

BY MATT HENDRICKSON



Hey, Billy, long time no see. All four members of X (D.J. Bonebrake, Exene Cervenkov, Billy Zoom and John Doe, from left) gathered at Los Angeles' Tower Sunset to sign copies of their greatest-hits package, *Beyond and Back*. It was the first time Zoom had been in the same room with his former band mates since their 1986 split. "This is the happiest day of my life," Cervenkov gushed. The L.A. punk legends will tour - with Zoom, who has spent the last decade repairing guitar amps in Orange County, Calif. - later this year. Said Cervenkov: "We owe it to our fans to play."

DAVE PIRNER has nabbed every frontman's dream job: drummer. In Pirner's new side project, the folk-pop group O'JEEZ, the SOUL ASYLUM singer is joined by guitarist JESSY GREENE and RUN WESTY RUN's KRAIG JOHNSON on bass. "It's like old times," said Pirner. "We don't really care about anything except playing." O'Jeez often jam at their "local," Minneapolis' 400 Club, where S.A.'s KARL MUELLER and BABES IN TOYLAND's LORI BARBERO are the house DJs. As for Soul Asylum, they've



Greene, Johnson, Pirner, Barbero and Mueller (from left) at Minneapolis' 400 Club

just finished recording a new album, *Candy From a Stranger* (out in March), with now-

departed drummer STERLING CAMP-BELL. Fear not - Pirner won't be behind

the kit. "We wanted Mel Brooks," Pirner joked. "But he wasn't available."



Love (and liquor) is all around: Nicholson shares a bottle of bourbon with a new friend at a Queens liquor store.

Partyman **JACK NICHOLSON** never forgets the little people. Hankering for a nip on his way to pick up girlfriend **REBECCA**

BROUSSARD at New York's Kennedy Airport, the actor made a pit stop at a Queens liquor store to hang out with the locals. Nicholson bought

four bottles of vodka and a pint of Jim Beam, which he cracked open in the store. Action Jack was in town for the premiere of his new film,

As Good As It Gets. "He was just like one of the neighborhood guys," said one impressed onlooker. "Except that most of them have no teeth."

RANDOM NOTES



The Green party: Malkmus with Silkworm's Cohen and Joel Phelps (from left)

Topping the bill at a Washington Wilderness Coalition benefit in Seattle: the **CRUST BROTHERS**, a union of **PAVEMENT**'s **STEPHEN MALKMUS** and the Seattle band **SILKWORM**. The planned all-Bob Dylan set was modified "because we don't have an organ," explained guitarist **ANDY COHEN**. So after "Million Dollar Bash" and "You Ain't Going Nowhere," they threw in "Bitch" by the Rolling Stones and Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Tuesday's Gone." And just how green is Malkmus? "I recycle."



Joey Ramone instructs Boz Scaggs on the finer points of playing at high volume

Who am I? Why am I here? **JOEY RAMONE** chartered up **BOZ SCAGGS** at a San Francisco roast for mutual

friend and city mayor **WILLIE BROWN**. The suit-and-tie crowd stared blankly as Ramone sang Louis Armstrong's "What a Wonderful World."

But when he kicked into the Ramones classic "I Wanna Be Sedated," partyers formed a raging mosh pit. Said a bewildered Ramone: "It was rather surreal."



Her name is Yeoh. Michelle Yeoh. She held her own with Jackie Chan in *Supercop*, and now the actress is kicking ass and taking names in the new Bond flick, *Tomorrow Never Dies*. Yeoh arrived at the film's gala Los Angeles premiere with actor Jonathan Pryce, who plays the film's Bill Gates/Rupert Murdoch-like villain, how frightening is that?

"SEINFELD USES PEOPLE LIKE ME AND DESTROYS THEIR FEELINGS. . . . SO OF COURSE I'M HAPPY HE'S GOING OFF THE AIR."

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ROCK & ROLL

"When I was younger, I had a lot of problems with being a pseudo-celebrity. Having celebrity

status because you've done something is one thing. Having celebrity status because you're someone's kid is really a double-edged sword," says Sean Lennon with a disarmingly wide, winning smile. Then he rocks back in his chair, as if rolling a great weight off his shoulders. • "It's very weird," he goes on. "But there are so many more-difficult things in life to deal with than that. People are always asking me, 'Is it hard? Is it hard because of your dad?' I'm like, 'Well, in a way it is, but not really.' My life is so mellow and easy at this point."

Then Lennon - taking a break at a midtown Manhattan studio, Sear Sound, where he's rerecording with the New York alt-pop band Cibo Matto and where he recently completed his forthcoming solo debut, *Photosynthesis* - lists his reasons to be cheerful: "I'm out of school. I'm playing music professionally with people I like. I got a record contract. I've got a great producer, who I'm in love with." His girlfriend is Cibo Matto keyboard player Yuka Honda, who produced *Photosynthesis*.

In comparison, Lennon claims, the baggage that comes with being the son of the late John Lennon - not just a Beatle but, to some people, the Beatle - "is not that big a deal."

Sean's hair, dyed blond, and his rectangular tortoise-shell glasses barely camouflage his striking resemblance to his father. But when Lennon, 23, talks about music - the new album; his collaboration with his mother, [Cont. on 18]

THE FAMILY BUSINESS

SEAN LENNON PUTS FINISHING TOUCHES ON HIS SOLO DEBUT
By David Fricke



"Having celebrity status because you're someone's kid is really a double-edged sword," says Lennon.



Yesterday's heroes 311 couldn't hit in '97

ROCK STOLID

THE '90s
GUITAR BOOM
BOTTOMS OUT

FIVE YEARS AFTER BANDS LIKE Pearl Jam, Nirvana, Green Day and the Smashing Pumpkins revitalized guitar rock, both musically and financially, the '90s rock revolution is officially over. A year-end analysis reveals that rock posted its worst showing of the decade.

Just ask Oasis, Blues Traveler, 311, Everclear, Live, Seven Mary Three or Collective Soul. Going into 1997, these bands - and others - all had platinum-selling smash albums that they hoped to build into superstar careers. Instead, their new releases limped to the year-end finish line with weak sales as bored and restless music fans looked elsewhere for new thrills. "It was the year of rap and hip-hop," says Hedi Kim, general manager of the downtown Manhattan Tower Records store. "Rock was hit or miss."

Among the most dramatic misses was Kettle Whistle, the high-profile return of alt-rock pioneers Jane's Addiction. Expected to enter the [Cont. on 18]

By Eric Boehlert

LENNON

[Cont. from 17] Yoko Ono, on her 1995 album, *Rising*; his road and studio gig as an official member of Cibo Matto - he does so with the brio and poise of a



"My life is so easy and mellow at this point," says Lennon.

young man eager to make his own way in the world. "I really didn't want to be a musician at first," he admits. In fact, Lennon attended Columbia University in New York for a year, with vague plans to major in anthropology. "But I can't avoid music," he says, "because I like it so much. And, really, I don't care that much what people think. I am my own person. I have my own voice. And this record is just the beginning."

Photosynthesis, due out this spring on the Beastie Boys' Grand Royal label, is a mix of relaxed electro-R&B, bossa-nova serenades, power-chord outbursts and jazz. The gauzy sway of "Into the Sun" suggests Stereolab at the beach; "2 Fine Lovers" is a bouncy homage to Talking Book-era Stevie Wonder; "Mystery Juice" bundles acoustic strumming, big-guitar action and spacey synth splatter together with discreet echoes of the elder Lennon in Sean's pinched, plaintive singing.

"There are some definite, specific Beatles references," Lennon says of the album. "But everybody does that. And it was definitely the music that I first heard. In my dad's jukebox, there was Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis, Chuck Berry and the Beatles. So that was the first music I really heard, when I was 5 or 6. And, of course, that influenced me. But my main influences might be somewhere else." Actually, during the course of an hour's conversation, Lennon repeatedly detours into lists of artists that he loves now or was crazy for as

a kid: Jimi Hendrix, the Beastie Boys, Black Sabbath, George Michael, Duran Duran, Run-D.M.C., Slayer, the Melvins, John Coltrane, Return to Forever, the Boredoms, Atari Teenage Riot.

It was Adam Yauch of the Beasties, a close friend, who set Lennon's solo recording career in motion, although Yauch originally had in mind something very different from *Photosynthesis*: a Grand Royal single by IMA, Lennon's power-noise trio featured on *Rising*. Yauch also heard tapes that Lennon had recorded - "just me jamming with delay pedals" - on a Panasonic boombox. Yauch offered to put some of those out. And Lennon says he liked the idea of releasing something, as he puts it, "so fucked-up that people will go, 'Wow! He's insane!'"

But after IMA broke up, Lennon started writing new songs - about his relationship with Honda. "We had moved in together about six months before - we've been together about a year and a half - and that's what was on my mind," he explains. "So this record is a capsule of this time of my life. It's not a retrospective of my whole life."

Lennon and Honda's intermingling of work and romance is reflected in the low-key warmth and home-demolike intimacy characterizing much of *Photosynthesis* - qualities familiar from the best-loved collaborations of Lennon's parents. But Lennon - who plays drums, bass and keyboards, as well as guitar - has a lot of other music on his agenda and ideas for records he wants to make. He recently bought a portable sampler - "I want to do total avant-garde, weird dance music" - and talks of cutting an acoustic album one day, "Dylan style." His Grand Royal contract includes clauses allowing him to be in Cibo Matto and, he quickly adds,

"THERE ARE SOME DEFINITE BEATLES REFERENCES," LENNON SAYS OF HIS MUSIC.

"BUT EVERYBODY DOES THAT."

"to play with my mom."

What does she think of *Photosynthesis*? "She loves it - I think," Lennon says with an embarrassed laugh. "She's a real perfectionist, though. She's like, 'Turn the vocals up.' She can be a little critical sometimes. But I intentionally made a record where I didn't care what she thought. To escape from under the umbrella of your parents' influence is important - for me, for anybody." ■

ROCK STOLID

[Cont. from 17] charts in the Top 10 when it was released in November, the album debuted at a disappointing 21; two weeks later it had plunged to 68.

The blockbuster holiday records came from mainstream acts. Garth Brooks, Celine Dion and the Spice Girls ensured that '97 ended on a profitable note, with sales up almost 7 percent for the music industry overall in a year that was hardly a boom but not a bust. For rock, though, "it was a miserable year," says radio consultant Jeff Pollack. "Rock records just are not happening right now."

In part, this is simply the cyclical nature of the record industry, which saw heavy metal give way to grunge in the early '90s just as grunge has given way to a new wave of pop this year. The numbers are clear: Through the first 50 weeks of 1997, only five rock acts (the Wallflowers, No Doubt, Sublime, Matchbox 20 and Fleetwood Mac) had albums among the year's 20 best sellers. Combined, they sold 11.6 million records, down from the 30 million albums that rock acts sold in a similar period in 1995, when more than half of the year's Top 20 albums came from rock performers, including Hootie and the Blowfish, the Eagles, Green Day and Alanis Morissette.

Another deflating statistic: While 15 guitar-driven rock records debuted in the Billboard 200's Top 10 this year, only one of those - Fleetwood Mac's comeback album, *The Dance* - remained there for more than a month. That lack of staying power stands in stark contrast to marathon '97 runs posted by blockbuster acts in hip-hop (the Notorious B.I.G. was in the Top 10 for 12 straight weeks), country (George Strait, eight consecutive weeks) and Top 40 pop (the Spice Girls, 32 weeks).

The trouble, as so many bands and their labels discovered last year, is that it's increasingly difficult to maintain fan interest, let alone loyalty. "Back in the '70s and '80s, if you liked a band, you bought its new record, regardless of what the single was," says Art Alexakis, lead singer of Everclear. "Now, people get bored."

Like Alexakis, Sony Music Entertainment's executive vice president Michele Anthony grew up in the '70s a rabid rock fan, eagerly awaiting every new album by her favorite bands and monitoring the radio for local concert information. But today, she says, rock doesn't hold the same importance. "It's become just one more entertainment choice for a lot of kids, because they can surf the Net, play video games, stay on their computers," Anthony laments. Consequently, she says, "you've got song

loyalty but not artist loyalty. Or you've got song identification a lot of times, but not artist identification." That means millions of listeners might know the chorus to Smash Mouth's "Walkin' on the Sun," but far fewer know who sings it or that the band has a second single.

"The cycle of burn is much faster," says Pollack. "It's like, 'Oh, I heard that band on MTV; I saw them on Letterman; I saw them open for 311 - I'm tired of them.' A lot of it is overexposure." BMG Entertainment North America CEO Strauss Zelnick agrees: "Consumers want to feel that they're discovering the hits," he says. "It's easy to discover the first record. It's tough to do it after [an act has] sold 3 million or 5 million."

With the industry hungry for quick fixes, few resources are used to build careers - or extend them. Marketing budgets are spent to ensure strong debuts - much in the way the film industry concentrates on opening-weekend box-office grosses - not to help foster long-term success. U2's *Pop* sold a heady 500,000 copies its first two weeks in stores. During the next 36 weeks, though, its combined sales tally was 800,000. *Pop*, seen as a possible tonic for the rock industry when the album was



Nothing to smile about. Oasis' Gallagher brothers

released last winter, quietly fell off the sales charts after six months. Toward year's end it was selling only 4,000 copies a week.

Some record executives suggest that one problem facing rock today is a lack of magnetic performers. "There have not been a lot of great bands with stars in them recently," says one senior label exec. "We were lucky in the early '90s to have Soundgarden and Pearl Jam, Alice in Chains and Smashing Pumpkins. These were bands that made great music and had stars in them."

Polly Anthony, president of both 550 Music and Epic Records - which will release a new Pearl Jam album next month - remains upbeat about the next resurgence. "I believe that rock music - music with guitars, music with charismatic lead singers, music with tension and sex - will always be potent and it will always be viable. Maybe right now that combination isn't out there. But it's coming."

Not soon enough. ■



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"Yo! Cut the music for a second!" Sean "Puff Daddy" Combs yells over the strains of Sister Sledge's "We Are Family," pumping through the PA at New York's Madison Square Garden. "I got something I want to do here." • Flanked by the touring members of his Family – including Lil' Kim, the Lox and 112 – Combs brings his protégé of the moment, 20-year-old Mase, to the front of the stage. With Mase's mother beaming proudly in the first row, Combs presents Mase with a platinum award for the rapper's debut album, *Harlem World*, which sold more than a million copies in its first month out. Repaying the honor, Mase hands Combs a quadruple-platinum plaque for the latter's *No Way Out* – though not without a wisecrack. Noting the number of shiny discs in Combs' award, Mase – whose casual body language and deep, loamy voice belie his quick wit – turns to his producer/mentor/record-company boss and groans in feigned disappointment, "Mine only got one. You got four!"

"Puffy was real surprised when I gave him his," Mase says impishly two days later as he heads uptown in a limousine to his suite at the Trump International hotel. "I knew mine was coming. But I was surprised that I got it in the Garden." As he puts it, "That's like getting a Grammy in the ghetto."

"It just makes me smile. I remember when there was nothin' like this, when we" – he gestures to his crew of friends and associates packed in the car – "couldn't even get a cab down here on 21st Street. They'd never stop for us. Now we get chauffeured through the area. Went from a half-fare bus pass to a Mercedes-Benz. So," Mase concludes, his handsome, impassive face easing into a smile, "I can't really complain."

Mase, whose real name is Mason Betha, is the overnight success story of hip-hop '97. Less than two years ago, he was a struggling rapper known as Mase Murder, networking at a radio convention in Atlanta and trying to meet producer Jermaine Dupri. Instead, at an industry party hosted by Dupri, Mase ran into Combs, rapped for him on the spot and landed a deal with Combs' Bad Boy label. Puffy soon had Mase rapping on a remix of 112's "Only You," followed by guest spots on Mariah Carey's "Honey" and the Notorious B.I.G.'s "Mo Money Mo Problems," as well as on Combs' *No Way Out*.

Those appearances effectively

prepped hip-hop and R&B fans for Mase's solo album, which debuted at the top of the *Billboard* 200. *Harlem World* dropped like a neutron bomb because of its slick, Puffy-patented mix of hard beats and smart hooks – like that irresistible Kool and the Gang sample in "Feel So Good" – and the smooth, saucy gait of Mase's monotonic rhyming style.

"It's not really about talent," Mase says of his stealth-MC delivery. "This is how I am every day – when I wake up, when I'm in a meeting. People try and get me mad, see if I change my voice." He grins. "But my voice don't change."

"You can't put a finger on him," Deric "D-dot" Angelettie, the associ-

ate executive producer of *Harlem World*, says. "He's not a little kid; he's not an old guy; he's not a gangsta. But he's not a punk. He's not soft."

Angelettie, who co-produced "Feel So Good" with Combs, notes that Mase "says things in such a manner where it's real street but also real easy to understand. That's a knack few MCs have. L.L. Cool J has it; Mase has it."

Mase, in turn, is grateful to Combs for his hands-on direction during the making of *Harlem World* (the Kool and the Gang lick in "Feel So Good" was Combs' idea) and for guiding his career in general. "It's like this with me and Puff," Mase explains. "He says, 'You wanna sign with Bad Boy?' I say yes. 'Do you wanna be a star?' I say yes. 'Are you willing to do what it takes to be a star?' I say yes. 'So until I do something wrong, you don't have to ask me no questions. If it's not broke, why are we talkin' about fixing it?' How can I argue when I'm comin' from a place



MASE, PUFFY'S LATEST PROTÉGÉ, TAKES THE SMOOTH ROAD TO THE TOP

with roaches and rats, and now I'm here in the Trump, poppin' champagne with you?"

Mase also rebuffs any suggestion that he's replaced the late Christopher Wallace – the Notorious B.I.G. – in the Bad Boy world order. In fact, Wallace knew Mase in the latter's pre-Bad Boy days. "B.I.G. used to tell my manager, 'Yo, bring Shorty by, I wanna meet him,' before I even had a deal," Mase recalls. "I never wanted to be No. 1 on Bad Boy by the death of B.I.G."

Born in Jacksonville, Fla., Mase is the youngest of seven children, all raised in the Harlem section of New York by his single mother, who worked for a public-housing agency. (Mase has never met his biological father.) A graduate of the Manhattan Center for Science and Mathematics, Mase attended the State University of New York at Purchase on a

basketball scholarship (he played point guard) but quit in his second year there after meeting Combs in Atlanta. "She wasn't OK with that at all," Mase says of his mom. "But she always respected my decisions, and I just told her that this is my dream."

If Mase is concerned that he has peaked too quickly, that *Harlem World* will turn out to be the apex of his dream instead of just the beginning, he doesn't show it. "I don't worry about expectations," he says firmly. "I can't tell you my next album will sell double what this one's doing. I can just guarantee you that I'm gonna give you my best."

"Not even psychics can predict numbers," he adds with a smirk and a shrug. "They always tell you it's gonna be around this or that."

BY DAVID FRICKE

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WHEN THE GOING GETS tough, the tough go back to their roots. That's what **BLUES TRAVELER** and members of the **GRATEFUL DEAD** are planning to do with their respective summer festivals, **H.O.R.D.E.** and **FURTHUR**. Since attempts to broaden the horizons of both tours last year achieved only mediocre results, the 1998 editions will see Blues Traveler returning to **H.O.R.D.E.** and **BOB WEIR**'s **RATDOG** again headlining Furthur. For **H.O.R.D.E.**, forget the alt-rock likes of **BECK**: The tour has already booked folk rocker **BEN HARPER** and **BARE-NAKED LADIES** as support groups.



Top: Blues Traveler's John Popper. Above: Robertson, Howie B.

"We are honestly hoping to be the happy little hippiefest we once were," says festival general manager **JASON MILLER**. . . . Apparently, Girl Power doesn't mean you've got a strong stomach. During a recent perform-

ance by the **NEW JIM ROSE CIRCUS**, two **SPICE GIRLS** (**GINGER** and **SCARY**) agreed to participate by standing on Jim Rose's head while he placed his face in a pile of broken glass. But after sitting queasily through the show's first half - which included women sumo wrestlers and a human dartboard - Scary Spice (the one with the tongue) announced, "It's too scary,"

and she and her Spice mate bowed out. An irritated Rose had to pick someone else from the audience. Perhaps we should call them the Wuss Girls. . . . Add **ROBBIE ROBERTSON** to the list of rock veterans experimenting with electronics. The former **BAND** leader's upcoming album, *Contact From the Underworld of Red Boy*, features tracks co-produced by **HOWIE B.** (who also worked with **U2** on *Pop*) as well as a remix of the song "Take Your Partner by the Hand" by **GANG STARR**'s **DJ PREMIER**. The record hits stores

Scary and Ginger Spice (second and fourth from left) wuss out.

uary for an album due this summer. "I feel extremely privileged," says Wilco frontman **JEFF TWEEDY**. "This is precious." . . . **R.E.M.**'s **MICHAEL STIPE** has

signed on as producer of the movie version of **BRET EASTON ELLIS**' novel *American Psycho*. No actors have been cast, but the film will be directed by **MARY HARRON** (*I Shot Andy Warhol*). . . .

Seattle-based rockers the **PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA** have decided they're calling it quits, but their constituents haven't heard the last of them. A final album - of live cuts, B sides and unreleased tracks - is scheduled for release later this year. -**MATT HENDRICKSON**

GRAPEVINE

March 10. . . . Soon, this land will be **BILLY BRAGG** and **WILCO**'s land. The leftist folkie and the country rockers have been tapped by **NORA GUTHRIE**, **WOODY**'s youngest daughter, to make songs from some of the lyrics her father wrote but never set to music. They'll begin recording in Ireland later in Jan-

OBITUARIES

NICOLETTE LARSON: 1952-1997

NICOLETTE LARSON, THE SPIRITED songwriter best known for the 1978 Neil Young-penned hit "Lotta Love," died at UCLA Medical Center, in Los Angeles, on Dec. 16, 1997. She was 45. Larson suffered from cerebral edema, a swelling of the brain, which occurred as a complication of liver failure.

Larson's husband, drummer Russell Kunkel, says Larson had no history of liver disease and that her doctors were mystified by the condition.

Larson's warm, empathetic voice made her a stirring solo performer as well as a highly sought-after backup vocalist. She sang over the years with Young, Jimmy Buffett, Emmylou Harris, Linda Ronstadt and others.

"It is painful to think of her gone," says Buffett. "I was lucky to know her, and I will miss her."

Larson was born in Helena, Mont.,

in 1952, and spent most of her childhood in Kansas City, Mo. At 21, she quit her waitressing job and moved to northern California to pursue a career as a musician. She met Young two years later, in Los Angeles, and in 1977 she sang backup on his album *American Stars 'n Bars*. That year she found a tape of "Lotta Love" lying on the floor of Young's car, and when she told him how much she liked the song, he gave her permission to record it on her first solo album. "Lotta Love" went on to peak at No. 8 on the *Billboard* Top 200 and remained on the charts for 19 weeks.

Larson recorded six solo albums during her career. In 1984 she was named Best New Vocalist by the Academy of Country Music. Her last album was the 1994 children's record-

ing *Sleep Baby Sleep*.

"She wasn't just a good musician, she was a great spirit," says singer David Crosby, a good friend. "I think that's what all her friends are gonna miss as much as or even more than the

music." Crosby, Stills and Nash will stage a benefit concert in February to fund the education of Larson's 7-year-old daughter, Elsie May, and they plan to ask Young to perform. "It will not be a CSNY reunion," says singer Graham Nash. "I have this vision of Neil on an empty stage singing one song only, and that would be 'Lotta Love.' Nicolette was loved by a lotta people." -**JON WIEDERHORN**

JIMMY ROGERS: 1924-1997

BLUES GUITARIST JIMMY ROGERS died in Chicago on Dec. 19, 1997, following complications from surgery for colon cancer. He was 73.

As the guitarist in Muddy Waters' first electric band, Rogers was one of the architects of the modern blues. He was an exemplary accompanist, playing a spare style of finger-picked notes and occasional strums that cushioned Waters' hard-edge slide. Rogers played on most of Waters' classic Chess recordings through 1958 and also enjoyed a successful solo career with the label. His playing had a major impact on rock & rollers including the Rolling Stones and Eric Clapton, who covered Rogers' "Goin' Away Baby" and "Blues Leave Me Alone." Rogers was inducted into the Blues Hall of Fame in 1994.



Born James Lane in Ruleville, Miss., Rogers moved to Chicago in 1945, where he switched from acoustic guitar to electric. After the popularity of the blues was supplanted by rock & roll, in the 1960s, Rogers ventured into a business career, running a cab company, a shoe-shine stand and his own clothing store. When the latter burned down during the 1968 riots that followed the assassination of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., Rogers returned to music; he remained active in both touring and recording until his death. Last September the bluesman was a backstage guest of the Stones at their Chicago concert; the band also recently joined Rogers in the studio to record a forthcoming album that features Rogers with several artists he has influenced. -**ROBERT GORDON**




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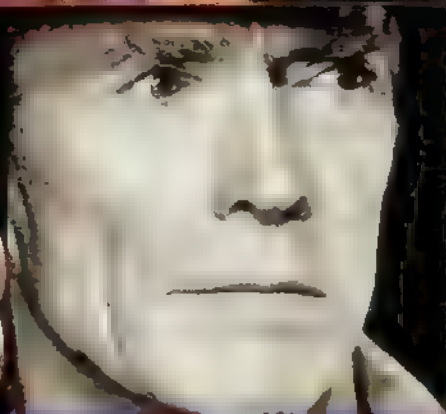


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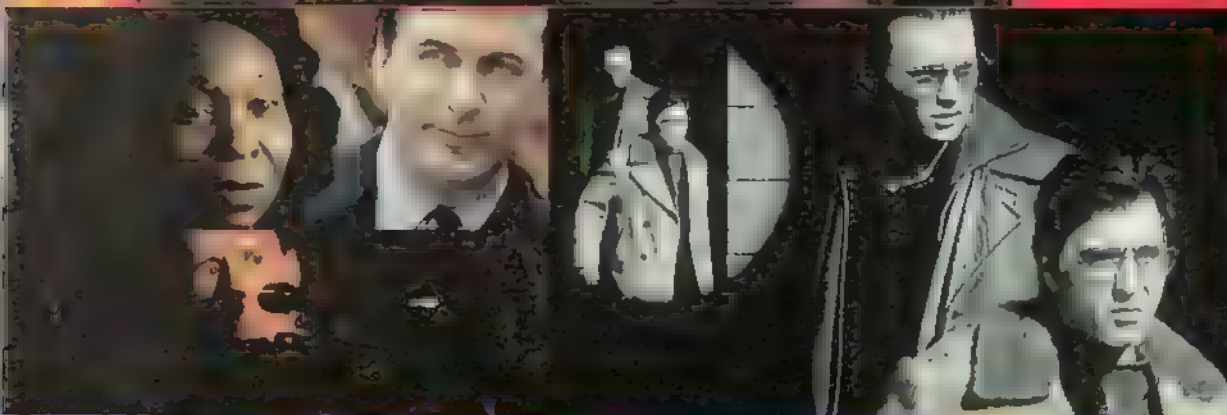
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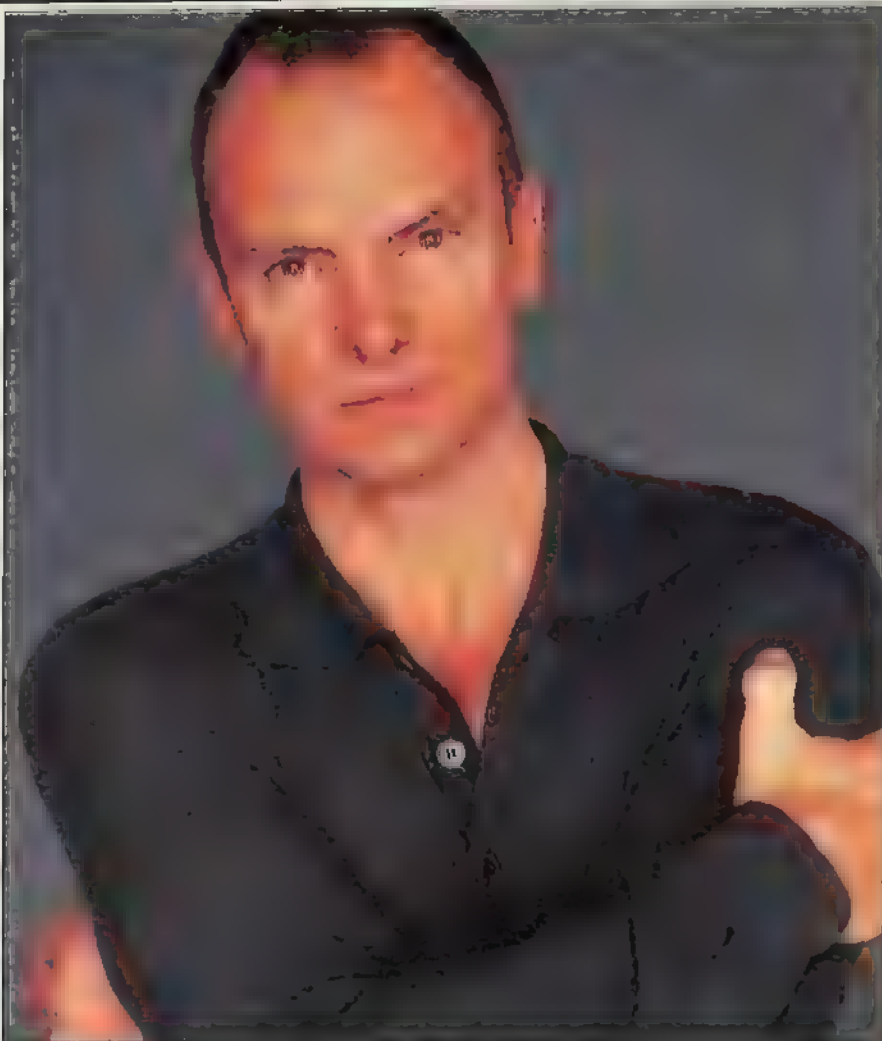
Donnie Brasco



When We Were Kings



MOVIES



STING

"A STRIP BAR IS THE ONLY PLACE
WHERE YOU CAN GET A QUIET DRINK.
• NOBODY'S LOOKING AT YOU."

WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE? STING, the rain-forest-savin', VHI-storyteller, 60-acre-estate-ownin', 46-year-old former Policeman, has a newfound following of rap fans. It started with "I'll Be Missing You," Sean "Puffy" Combs' remake of the Police's "Every Breath You Take," which shot to No. 1 (notably, the last time Sting found himself in that spot was 14 years ago... for "Every Breath You Take"). On *The Very Best of Sting and the Police*, a compendium of reasons why he and his band mates have sold more than 40 million records, Combs puffed up "Roxanne," bringing in Pras from the Fugees to rap and threading in bits from "Roxanne, Roxanne" by U.T.F.O. (Check the video - Sting plays a sleazy rich guy who gets offed.) Sting! Six kids, four houses, 12 Grammys, 10 solo albums. Globally recognizable with just one name (as in Jesus, Charo, Liberace), Sting phones from his estate, Lake House, a 16th-century stone mansion outside London, where he's working on

a new album - when he's not working on his yoga-honed bod.

I was talking to a group of kids recently. They had three overriding impressions of you. One is that you and "Puffy" Combs are best friends. You've actually met only once, right?

That's true. We met at this year's MTV awards. But we've met on the grooves of a couple of records now [laughs].

What did you think when you first heard "I'll Be Missing You"?

It was a shock at first, because he changed the lyrics, and, um, that normally doesn't happen to me. It's like having a friend of yours have plastic surgery - what do you say, you know? Once I'd got over that, I thought, "Well, this is a tribute to his dead friend [the Notorious B.I.G.], and I'm honored that he chose my song to transmit an emotional response."

So another impression these young-

sters have is that you're a swordsman extraordinaire.

That's not a bad reputation to have!

It came from your now-famous remarks about tantric sex.

Well, I take sex fairly seriously. I think people misunderstand the adjective *tantric*. They think it means you have sex for hours and hours and hours. That's a very small part of it. The basic philosophy of tantric is that everything in life - walking, eating, talking, sleeping - is potentially sacred practice. Which I believe. I think that we have opportunities in life to be more than flesh and blood.

Third, they know you because you've been on Howard Stern's show.

I've been on numerous occasions, usually with my wife, Trudie. Those two really get on. I have a soft spot for him. He's a very vulnerable guy, and I like that. I enjoy his show in the morning, though sometimes I'm outraged by it.

You once told one of your kids that you were going to spend all of your money before you die.

I'm trying.

What do you spend it on, exactly?

There's any number of things you can waste money on, but, actually, I don't spend that much. I don't have any nasty habits.

Weren't you at that strip club Scores, in New York, a few times?

Oh, I've been there.

I can't picture you at Scores.

That's the best thing about it [chuckles].

That's the only place where you can get a quiet drink. Nobody's looking at you.

Now, tell me about this drug Dead-Man's Root that you're into. I want to get my hands on some.

That's difficult. You have to go to the Amazon jungle.

You can get anything in New York.

I'm sure you can! But it's not a frivolous pursuit. It's very much part of the religious practice of the people there.

There is a certain amount of dread attached to taking it - you have a hallucinogenic trip that really deals with death and your mortality. So it's quite an ordeal. It's not something you're going to score and have a great time on.

How do you age gracefully in rock & roll?

You have to be yourself.

Be very honest about who and what you are. And if people still like you, that's fine. If they don't, well, that's their problem.

You're starting to work on your next album.

It's been two years. And I have to figure out if I've learned anything - either in music or about myself or the world - that I can turn into some useful information for a listener. If the answer is no, then I hope I have the courage and the wisdom to shut the fuck up.

-JANCEE DUNN

RAVES

LISA LOEB

"NIGHT AT THE OPERA" *Queen (Hollywood)* The first album I was obsessed with. It's the perfect children's album: It's superdramatic, every song sounds different, and the cover is white with an embossed crest that has a lot of pink in it. Pink is my favorite color, so that was very thrilling to me.

SCRATCH-AND-SNIFF This summer, I got the new scratch-and-sniff Crayolas, and they made me sick. "Smoke" smelled like smoke. Just disgusting.

"GLIMMER GLIMMER GLUMPKIN" *Lewy Olsson (Grosset & Dunlap)* It's a wonderful rhyming book that my mom and dad used to read when I was little. There is one picture of a man sitting under a bridge eating a huge bag of candy. A lot of my childhood memories are associated with who had the most food.

CHEESE FRIES They've gotta have real cheese - but I'll even go for the Jersey Shore cheese fry, though it has more of a cheese sauce.

JAPANESE FANS I see a lot of glasses. When I walk out onstage they yell, "Kawaii," which means "cute" in Japanese. Kawaii is a really big word there. And they sing along with every song. There was a banner at my hotel that said, "Welcome Lisa Loeb, Honey Honey Eyelash."

FLOURLESS CHOCOLATE CAKE It's got to be really dense. I also like the miniature Reese's Peanut Butter Cups - they have really good density.

"HOUSES OF THE HOLY" *Led Zeppelin (Atlantic)* It might be cooler to say *Led Zeppelin II*, but I really do like this better. "Over the Hills and Far Away" was actually one of the first songs I played in a band.

"GAMES" MAGAZINE It's a cool magazine with all these crosswords and cryptograms. I actually think magazines are commercial rags, which I probably shouldn't say in *ROLLING STONE*.

LEMON ICE CREAM I have a dream of having lemon ice cream, but I have to find somebody who can make it with real lemons without curdling the cream. I think Baskin-Robbins made one in the '80s, but I wasn't into it at the time.

"LIFE" MAGAZINE I like reading old issues to see what life looked like in the past. I'm obsessed with that.

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DAFT PUNK
AT THE MAYAN THEATER
Dec. 17, 1997 Los Angeles

Disco Beats at Punk Volume

THE OVERWHELMING SMELL OF clove cigarettes floating in the air above the dance floor – the product of smoke exhaled from the singed lungs of Adidas-clad 10th-graders – testified to this being an all-ages show. The majority of audience members over 21 flocked to the balcony, clutching drinks and Marlboros, and swaying in place for most of Daft Punk's set. The oldsters received the music from a protective remove. Downstairs, the music was downright assaultive. Pitching their sounds at an ear-shattering volume – full of pummeling bass and drums, and laced with spacey computer effects – Daft Punk gave a respectful nod to disco (twitching high-hat rounded out the grooves), while the sheer force of the music reminded you of their roots as a punk-rock band.

Despite all that, the French duo (Thomas Bangalter and Guy-Manuel de Homem Christo, both in their early 20s) arranged the concert's sonic platter around a surprisingly thin slice of funk. On their debut album, *Homework*, Daft Punk manage to break the increasingly predictable drone of techno by injecting memorable melodies with ass-shaking beats; in the process they put a healthy distance between themselves and their electronica peers. But in concert, all of the genre's clichés were in place: the artists buried

mind. From the moment Daft Punk took the stage, the crowd was theirs. Predictably, it was their hits – “Around the World,” “Da Funk” – that worked the audience into a frenzy, sending limbs flying and threatening to bring the ceiling down. For all the rotteness of this performance, Daft Punk handily delivered exactly what the undemanding crowd wanted: hard and relentless grooves. —ERNEST HARDY

LILITH FAIR
AT CORAL SKY AMPHITHEATER
Dec. 16, 1997 West Palm Beach, Fla

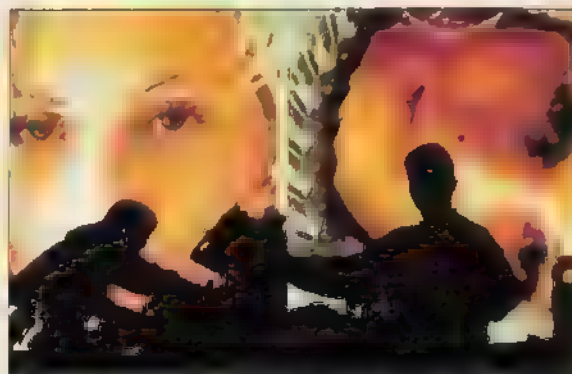
Missy “Misdemeanor” Elliott Brings the Funk to the Fair

BEHIND HER INCENSE-AND-Patchouli image, Sarah McLachlan is one shrewd customer. She remembers Tanita Tikaram even if you don't, and she knows that ethereal, folkie songstresses can find and lose the fickle pop audience faster than you can say “Michelle Shocked.” Her Lilith phenomenon is a smart, star-making move, establishing her as the high priestess of an arena flock. The one-off Lilith Fair winter show, on a cold December night in Florida, was her delib-

PERFORMANCE

erate effort to diversify the summer tour's white, mellow tone. The lineup included rockers Luscious Jackson and rapper Missy Elliott alongside usual suspects Sheryl Crow, the Indigo Girls and McLachlan herself.

Needless to say, Luscious and Elliott got stuck with the brief opening slots. Luscious Jackson strained unsuccessfully to reproduce their studio textures and harmonies, but their swagger was welcome; they came on as the worldly big sisters you always wished you had. Elliott, however, tore the roof off the sucker, and the sucker didn't even have



Daft Punk deliver pummeling, painful grooves

behind a bank of equipment; a fog machine continually belching forth; squiggly lights spinning every which way; New Age-y, psychedelic projections filling the scrim behind the stage; beach balls bouncing and rolling over the crowd. Unfortunately, the generic visual presentation was a too-accurate reflection of the duo's by-the-numbers performance. Volume ain't presence, or inspiration.

Not that the audience seemed to

a roof. Her set began with four female dancers in red jumpsuits gyrating to Prodigy's “Breathe” before Missy made her royal entrance in an eye-popping white rubber suit with a fluffy collar and breezed her way through hits like “The Rain (Supa Dupa Fly)” and “Up Jumps da Boogie.” Her presence failed to diversify the Lilith crowd – most of the few African-Americans at the venue were selling hot dogs. But she hit the evening's »

musical and emotional high note after proclaiming, "This is ladies' night!" As her band jammed on that old Kool and the Gang riff, Elliott chanted her rap cameo from Lil' Kim's "Not Tonight" until the whole audience rapped along.

Next came the three headliners, who played fine '70s-style folk-rock sets; the only flaw was that they were following Elliott. But the Indigo Girls and Sheryl Crow rose to the challenge with hard-rocking bravado. And McLachlan performed the closing ceremonies like the Pope in St. Peter's Square, stroking the crowd generously with equal doses of Lilith-speak ("I want to thank the goddess, Mother Nature and Mother Earth for smiling down on us") and old-fashioned showbiz savvy. Her grand finale was an all-star sing-along version of Joni Mitchell's "Big Yellow Taxi," a strange way to send your audience back out to the parking lot. Like the rest of the evening, it was an intriguing mix of McLachlan's idealism and the seedy reali-



Missy Elliott upstages the Earth goddess.

ties of stadium rock. At one point, a Sarah clone on the lawn in a black velvet dress was moved to yell, "Hey, yo, beer guy!" She then turned to her girlfriend and explained, "I've always wanted to say that." -ROB SHEFFIELD

ON THE ROAD



▲ BEN FOLDS FIVE The fun-loving Ben Folds Five enter the final leg of a world tour that has seen them emerge from cult status into semistardom. Prepare for piano mayhem as the three that are Five bang through a constantly changing set list, which in the past has included covers ranging from Johnny Cash's "Ring of Fire" to Steve Perry's "Oh Sherrie."

Portland, Ore., Feb. 4; Seattle, Feb. 5; San Francisco, Feb. 7; Los Angeles, Feb. 8; Phoenix, Feb. 9; Dallas, Feb. 11; Houston, Feb. 12; St. Louis, Feb. 14; Chicago, Feb. 15; Detroit, Feb. 16; Toronto, Feb. 18; New York, Feb. 20; Philadelphia, Feb. 21; Washington, D.C., Feb. 22; Norfolk, Va., Feb. 23.

ELEMENTS OF HIP-HOP TOUR Scratching across boundaries to incorporate everything from drum-and-bass to rock-guitar sounds in the mix, the

X-ecutioners are more of a four-man turntable band than a collection of typical hip-hop DJs. They lead this tour of progressive rap acts, which also includes human beat box Rahzel (of the Roots) and insightful Chicago rapper Common.

New York, Jan. 20; Cleveland, Jan. 21; Detroit, Jan. 22; Maricomb, Ill., Jan. 23; Chicago, Jan. 24; St. Louis, Jan. 25; Lawrence, Kan., Jan. 26; Boulder, Colo., Jan. 27; Vail, Colo., Jan. 28; San Francisco, Jan. 30; Vancouver, Jan. 31; Santa Cruz, Calif., Feb. 1; Pasadena, Calif., Feb. 2; Los Angeles, Feb. 3; Solana Beach, Calif., Feb. 4; Tucson, Ariz., Feb. 5.

BILLY JOEL He is the Entertainer. Joel is riding on the success of *Greatest Hits Vol. III*, but expect to hear more than "Uptown Girl" and "We Didn't Start the Fire." According to the singer, his eight-person band is busy learning "an album a day" from his quarter-century-spanning catalog, so look for obscurities and surprises in the set list. After this leg, Joel will reprise his Face to Face double bill with Elton John for a world tour.

Portland, Maine, Jan. 27; Uniondale, N.Y., Jan. 29, Feb. 2, 9, 11, 14, 16; Philadelphia, Feb. 5-6, 18-19. -NOAH TARNOW

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MARIAH CAREY,

the people's

pop princess

BY MIM UDOVITCH



MARIAH CAREY HAS AN INTENSE relationship with her handbag. Nothing unnatural or bizarre, you understand, just something slightly more emotionally freighted than the average state of affairs that exists between a woman and the receptacle containing her cell phone, sunglasses, compact and lipstick. Tommy Mottola, the president and chief operating officer of Sony Music Entertainment, whom she married in 1993 and separated from last spring, used to make a joke about the bag, about how she reminded him of



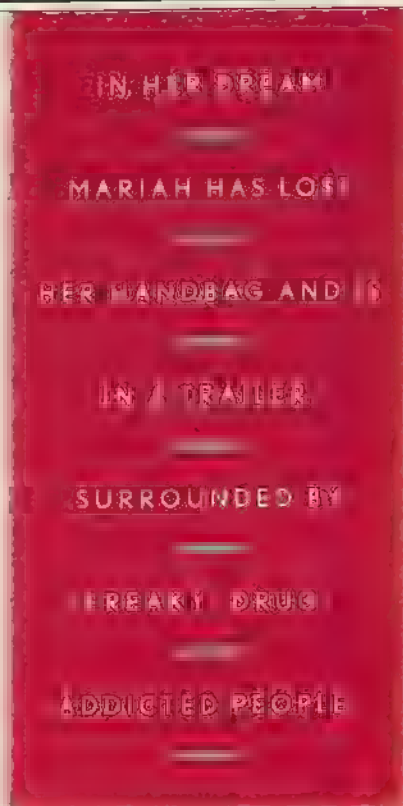
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT WATSON

his grandmother, always with the bag. But to Mariah, the bag (Prada, what else?) is an extension of herself, a sort of mobile home for the soul. She and her mother (her parents divorced when she was about 3) moved around a lot when Mariah was a child, and being a superstar, as Mariah has been virtually since she signed with Sony subsidiary Columbia Records at 18, is an on-the-move type of a profession. Anyway, she likes to sleep with it next to the bed, so that if anything happens in the middle of the night, she has it right there and can just run out. So that's probably where it was when she had this dream:

In Mariah's dream, she has lost her bag, not to mention her two assistants, Katie and Stephanie, who are supposed to keep track of it. She is in a trailer, surrounded by freaky, drug-addicted people who are all physically impaired in some way, and she knows that if she doesn't find her bag, one of them is going to try to steal her stuff. She runs from the trailer toward a big building, pursued by one of the freaks, who, when she glances back at him, is no longer impaired and is laughing at her, as if in mockery of her gullibility. Continuing on, she bumps into two girls who tormented her when she was little. They are grown up now but have the same weird attitude they had when they used to throw rocks at her window and taunt her while her mom was at work. "Haven't seen you in a long time," say the girls. "Yes," says Mariah, "you used to terrorize me when I was in the third grade and you guys were older. You should have known better." Moving on, she sees a little girl who tells her that she has no friends where she lives now because she doesn't go to school—they won't let her go because she's a TV star. "Who won't let you go?" asks Mariah. "-----," says the little girl, naming a man who in real life tried to turn a sleazy buck off having known Mariah before she got famous. The little girl is not anyone Mariah actually knows, but she feels like she recognizes her as soon as she sees her. She can still see her in her mind.

Until recently, Mariah's official public image has been as pristine and regulated as her dream is chaotic and untrammelled. She is a franchise artist, the best-selling female recording artist of the decade, the vocal pyrotechnician whose sweetly soaring power ballads and bouncy dance singles have helped sell more than 80 million records worldwide since her 1990 debut, *Mariah Carey*, which itself sold 12 million copies and produced an unmatched four consecutive No. 1 singles. Melodies come to her so easily that she could write a song right now while she's sitting with you. She has never had to worry about her professional popularity; she is the people's pop princess. But she does worry a little; she is the worrying kind. "I'm the type of person who doesn't count their chickens until they're hatched," she says, and this is true. She is not even the type of person who counts her chickens after they're hatched. "In the past, much more so than now," she says, "I was very cautious and easily swayed by people telling me, if you do this, you're limiting yourself, you're limiting your

New York-based writer MIM UDOVITCH has an on-again, off-again relationship with any number of handbags.



salability, you're limiting your chances of success."

By "do this," Mariah means stirring a little hip-hop and some heavier R&B sounds into her mix, a harder vibe than the people who buy her albums for the ballads and who probably don't listen to the Wu-Tang Clan or Mobb Deep may be used to, as she has done on her new album, *Butterfly*. The record has caused something of a stir from its first single, the mildly horny and pleasantly funky "Honey," the video for which included a prologue showing Mariah being held captive and interrogated by a sharply dressed mobster. This was seen as a not-so-tacit acknowledgment of the rumors that Mottola was possessive and controlling to the point of basically keeping his wife prisoner in their secure and secluded Bedford, N.Y., estate. Mariah denies that the parallels were intentional, and although she is a lovely, charming, down-to-earth person, on this particular point, I

don't believe her. She does wonder why nobody has commented on the first shot of her in the "Butterfly" video, which shows her lying on a daybed in a pose that echoes a famous still of Carroll Baker lying in a crib from the movie *Baby Doll*. In case you are not recalling, *Baby Doll* is based on a Tennessee Williams story that turns on the boredom and exploitability of a young woman married to a much older man. This reference was intentional, though Mariah does not specify the intention.

Mariah also does not say exactly which people told her that she would limit herself if she put the kind of hip-hop-inclusive work she was already doing for remixes on the album proper. They were just "people in corporate positions." She does say that she has a good relationship with Columbia Records president Don Ienner and does not consider him just a Sony person. Tommy Mottola, head of all Sony people, declined to be interviewed for this article but faxed this statement: "Mariah and I continue to enjoy a close personal and professional relationship. I enthusiastically support her musical evolution and the creative decisions she's made in conjunction with *Butterfly*. It is her best work yet. Mariah is a world-class superstar, and I remain her biggest fan."

IN ANOTHER PART OF MARIAH'S DREAM, I am writing the number 10 on a pad of paper, and when she asks me why, I tell her that it's the number of times she's used the word *like*. I guess this could be anxiety about whether she's, *like*, expressing herself well; or it could be an acknowledgment that the interview process is about finding out what she's *like*; or it could be about whether people reading this piece will *like* her. In fact, even Mariah's insecurities are likable, which is a very rare quality.

It is the day after the dream, at about 2 in the morning, and Mariah, whose workday started at noon, is wearing a brown Tocca tank and cardigan, brown DKNY tights, brown Manolo Blahnik high-heeled boots and what looks like a miniskirt but is a Gucci bathing-

suit bottom ("Not to give away my secrets or anything, but it is. I found it the other night when I was desperate"). Although it might seem like a contradiction in terms, Mariah is a responsible pop diva and understands that it is her duty to wear tight, short clothing for public appearances. When she's just being a responsible something else—and if it's at all within the parameters of a 27-year-old entertainer's ability, you name it and Mariah is responsibly it—she wears a tight tank top and jeans. She's from Long Island, after all—born in Huntington Bay, N.Y., she moved 13 times in 14 years before concluding her odyssey in Greenlawn, where she graduated from high school. She herself would be the first to cheerfully admit this Jordache Jeans, feathered-hair heritage. For a Halloween party she gave recently, she chose to go as one third of Charlie's Angels. ("Farrah, of course. When I was little I had to be Farrah or I wouldn't play.")

We are having dinner at a downtown Manhattan brasserie, along with one of Mariah's friends, Tracy, of whom there are two, and the League, a hardcore hip-hop group, of whom there are seven, although they are strangely capable of seeming like many more. The League, who are with Mariah's label, Crave, have come from taping a TV performance. It has been a long day, and this is actually Mariah's second late dinner—her first was with her label head, Don Ienner, and her new manager, Sandy Gallin. (Mariah changed managers and lawyers after her separation; her previous manager, Randy Hoffman, and lawyer, Allen Grubman, are longtime associates of Mottola.) Since noon, she has also rehearsed for her tour; met with the Halston people who are doing the clothes for it and with Miramax co-chairman Harvey Weinstein about a possible film project; been there for the League at the taping; and stopped in at the party for which she is still dressed up. She is also supposed to watch a video of *Bell, Book and Candle* that her agent has sent along, although nobody is recalling why.



Happy together?: Carey with Mottola at the '96 American Music Awards

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Making up for lost time: Carey parties with Sean "Puffy" Combs in New York.

In other words, like most of Mariah's days, this day has required her to be present in more professional capacities than could probably be handled by all five Spice Girls put together. She is a nocturnal animal by temperament, and also an insomniac. She works in an industry that keeps irregular hours, and she is compensating for not having gotten out much during her marriage. ("If I don't go out sometimes, I feel like life is passing me by, because I missed so much fun in the . . . past," she says tactfully.) So I'm just speaking for myself when I say that if my subconscious were as active as hers, I might sleep only a few hours a night, too.

In fact, one of the funny things about Mariah's dream – and as far as dreams about isolation, abandonment, persecution and loss of identity go, I think you'll agree that this one is relatively funny – is the way it hurtles along at the breakneck pace that in real life makes keeping track of Mariah's bag an epic struggle meaningful enough to leave its mark on her unconscious. She grew up without much money, the biracial child of an Irish-American mother and a black Venezuelan father, and has often said that her peripatetic childhood left her feeling as if the rug could be pulled out from under her at any time. Watching her in action, the thought occurs that a good way to avoid this is to not stay in one spot for too long. But according to Mariah, this is not the reason she's on the go. She's just busy.

Either way, she's enjoying herself in general and at the moment. The mood in the now-empty restaurant is goofy, like it gets at 2 in the morning, and although she doesn't end up doing so, she could stay out all night if she wanted. "Ma-ri-ah, come and rescue me," sings one of the League to the tune of Mariah's own "Dreamlover" as he does a little after-dinner dance. "Come here, silly goose," says Mariah, responsible label head, locating her bag and taking out a credit card. "Could you find the waiter and give him this?"

Mariah has been linked by the press to an assortment of men, including Sean "Puffy" Combs, Q-Tip and New York Yankees

shortstop Derek Jeter. Actually, she seems to hang with her close girlfriends and a more loosely knit community of professional friends – rappers, radio and record people, and whatever Russell Simmons is (even impresario no longer seems sufficient) – whom she sees in groups, as if she's stepping into the social scene pretty much where being a world-class superstar and suburban wife had caused her to step out in her late teens and early 20s. Asked whether she feels she missed her youth, she says, "No, because I don't think it's gone."

IF MARIAH'S RELATIONSHIP to her own adulthood is one that's only just being allowed to blossom, her relationship to

her childhood is a carefully preserved flower, maybe like the single rose Mottola sent her at the very start of their relationship, a rose that she still has. She doesn't have many pictures of herself from when she was a child, so she values the ones she does have – there's one with a Christmas tree in the background, where she's a little, little girl, and another where she's older and has some majorly large blond-and-black hair. We are at Mariah's rented town house – the place came furnished, which Mariah doesn't mind, since it's nicely furnished and she feels like she spent the last four years choosing fabrics, wallpaper and carpet for the Bedford house. We are sitting in Mariah's large, clean kitchen, talking about her childhood. "My mother gets very upset when I say we were poor," says Mariah, who is wearing a little tank top that says FLIRT and a pair of jeans. "But, then again, we had a conversation the other day, and she was recalling that she worked three jobs at one point. And I don't think that's something to be ashamed of. She really worked hard to keep us afloat."

Mariah's dream, in the wish-that-your-heart-makes sense of the word, has been, since childhood, to be a star.

This dream started to come true almost 10 years ago, when she (legendarily) handed her demo tape to her future husband at a Columbia party she had gone to with late-'80s disco diva Brenda K. Starr, for whom she was singing backup vocals at the time. "I almost didn't go to the party, because I had this deal with Warner Bros.," she says, "but I went. I waited, like, two hours for her, freezing my ass off in the one little black dress that I had, sitting on the floor. And she finally showed up and we went. And the rest . . ." Is history? "Yep."

The funny thing about Mariah's dream (in this context) is that it is the direct result of the kind of feelings that may also have prompted her other, sleeping dream. Hers is the kind of drive that draws strength not only from the desire to reach what lies ahead but also from the desire to lose what's left behind. "I've always felt so separate from everybody, even if I never talked

about it to my friends, or my mother, or my family," she says. "Because of a lot of reasons. Because I didn't have as much as my friends. Because I moved around a lot. Because my father's black and my mother's white. Because I'm very ambiguous-looking. Because white people often mistake me for white and will therefore say things in front of me that are offensive."

Mariah has a brother and a sister, but both are almost 10 years older, and she was, in effect, an only child. (Her sister, who was pregnant and married by 16, and, according to press reports, subsequently a drug addict and prostitute, may have presented a more immediate example of the path not to take, as well as a living cautionary tale on the virtues of caution itself.) Whatever the particulars, her childhood, while not miserable, was not easy. The dream of a singing career, along with the support and love of her mother, are, she says, what pulled her through. "If there were difficult times when I was growing up, I got through them by being an optimist, praying and hoping, at the risk of sounding clichéd and corny, that through music I would rise above the whole thing and I wasn't going to be like people I saw."

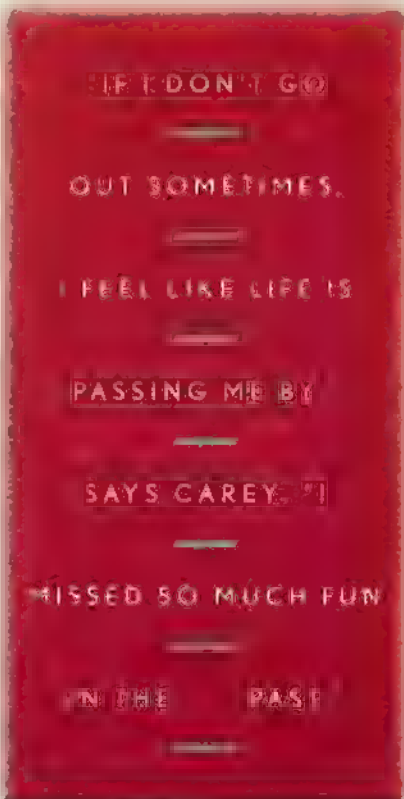
Mariah has always known she could sing. She is no longer much in touch with her father, but one of her earliest memories, from before her parents divorced and her brother and sister left home, involves singing and its relation to self-assertion. "My father was very strict, one of the strictest disciplinarians, and there was this whole dinner-table etiquette; everybody spoke only when spoken to, and so on. And I was a more free spirit; my mom kind of shielded me from that. And I loved singing; I was singing since I started talking. I can't help it, I have music going on in my mind all the time. So I was singing at the table, and my brother and sister



Carey as a Charlie's Angel (Farrah, of course) on Halloween

were just, like" – she pantomimes horrified astonishment – "and my father said: 'There will be no singing at the table!' So I got up from the table, and I went into the living room, and I got up on the coffee table and continued singing at the top of my lungs. I guess that was an early indication of who I was going to be."

IGUESS THAT COULD MEAN SHE WAS GOING TO be a singer; or it could mean that she was going to be a singer in rebellion against a controlling male authority figure; or it could mean that she was going to be a singer who stood on coffee tables,





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though if that is the case, she has successfully concealed it from press scrutiny. She is, of course, a big, big, big, big star, possessed of the kind of fame that even people who don't know who she is know who she is. But Mariah has, for a couple of reasons, been very guarded about her personal life from the very start of her career; she had the kind of childhood that leaves you naturally guarded, and her success was so huge and immediate that being guarded (literally as well as figuratively) was a condition of survival.

Not coincidentally, from the very start of her career, Mariah has been dogged by rumor: first, that she was having an affair with Mottola, who is 20 years her senior and was married when the couple met (true, as it turned out); then, that her marriage to Mottola was oppressive and confining (more on this later); and, currently, that she is out swinging from the rafters of every nightclub in town, partying down with rap artists and dating Donald Trump (as are we all).

Also, while publicizing the private lives of big, big, big, big stars is hardly ever bad for business, publicizing the private lives of the chief operating officers of big, big, big, big multinational corporations like Sony is hardly ever good for it. In Mariah's case, owing to her marriage, these things were one and the same.

"It's unnatural to curb what you say; it's fucking hard," says Mariah, miserably, of the limitations on what it's OK to reveal. "I mean, for me to get to this point... it took an enormous amount of strength for me to get out from where I was." We are at lunch at a Japanese restaurant, and Mariah, I would be derelict if I did not inform you, is wearing a honey-colored spaghetti-strap suede minidress with matching ribbed wool tights and high-heeled boots. She has a honey-colored cardigan tied around her waist and a pair of Fendi sunglasses pushed back in her honey-colored hair. "Can't we go shop for kittens or something?" she asks wistfully when the subject of her marriage comes up.

Mariah says that she cares about Mottola and doesn't want to hurt his feelings. People close to Mariah say that while it was not like he handcuffed her, beat her and forced her to admire the foliage in Bedford, where the two had built a \$10 million mansion, the rumors of manipulation and control are not entirely without basis. Everyone agrees that there was genuine affection on both sides; still, the atmosphere was often, according to one witness, one of psychological warfare. Mottola reportedly wanted to control every aspect of his wife's career, image and social life, down to the last detail: The couple fought about where she

went, what she did, whom she saw, which photographers she wanted to work with, which directors should do her videos. According to friends, Mariah was followed by a Sony employee on at least one occasion when she went out and was closely observed when she was at home; Mottola opposed his wife's interest in acting, and things deteriorated to the point that she and her friends conducted phone conversations in code (a Sony employee who seemed to be miraculously turning up wherever Mariah did was code-named 007, for example).

In a nutshell: In addition to wanting the control that every label head probably wishes he had over his franchise artists, Mottola is said not to have understood that it is a responsible pop diva's duty to wear short, tight clothing for public appearances. The pressure this put on Mariah is said to have been



Class of '87: At Harborfields High, in Greenlawn, N.Y.

so relentless and all-encompassing that she was reduced to making small gestures of autonomy, like styling her own bangs, just so she could feel like she was in control of something.

Since Mottola declined to be interviewed, I couldn't say what his side of this sad story is, although I'm sure he has one. However, I don't actually think that the things he is said to have done are that unusual. There is a time in most people's lives when need and circumstance collide in such a way as to put one person's ego in the hands of another; and no matter how responsible the other is, that's always going to cause constant, raging, unassuageable anxiety for as long as the situation lasts. Who has not made a hang-up call or checked for a light in the window? It's just that most people do not have the power of a big, big, big, big multinational corporation at their disposal

or probably the drive and tenacity that would put them at the head of one. In any event, he remains her biggest fan.

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW, IT IS hard to imagine Mariah cooperating with conditions as suffocating as those said to have constituted the last years of her marriage, because she is a strong, larger-than-life personality, comfortably in control of her world in a way that suggests control is not an issue. (People are, for some reason, surprised to learn that she is a not-at-all-petite 5 feet 9 inches. Also, that she is smart.) She does not like the tag *businesswoman* ("I guess it bothers me because it connotes that I'm going to have a business suit and Hanes stockings and sit behind a desk"), but she is prodigiously on top of her own affairs. From another point of view, submission is easy to picture. Mariah is not a patsy, but she's something of a people-pleaser, a rememberer of birthdays, the type of person who does not like to disappoint, the type of person who as a child was just like a little adult. She keeps her commitments, of which marriage is one. She was also, she says, not ready for marriage ("I hadn't experienced enough of life itself. I probably still haven't") and was somewhat swept up in the excitement of a dream come true. "I mean, obviously, it's like a glamorous, flattering, amazing thing when someone on that level believes in you so much and is interested in you and is focusing on you. He represented a form of stability I'd never had." And she was very young when the relationship started.

"I probably looked like a vixen, but I was very innocent at the time we met," she says. "Or, I don't know if vixen is the right word, but I looked like I look, I dressed like I dress, except I didn't have as

much money to buy clothes. But my only other boyfriends were when I was in high school, and I never took them seriously because I knew it was something that wasn't going to last. I hadn't actually had intercourse with any of them, so Tommy is the first person I was really with."

Mariah is aware that many people will not believe that Mottola was the first (and is still the only) man she has had sex with, although she has had other sexual experiences. But this would be an odd thing to lie about, and it is very much in keeping with her general comportment. Despite the short, tight clothing, she projects a cheerleader kind of an aura, like the prettiest, most popular girl in school, who, because she is so pretty and so popular, is very, very careful about whom she lets get close. In some ways, Mariah seems not so much younger than 27 as untouched by adulthood.

There are reasons for this besides the childhood that left her cautious. However cloistered her marriage was or was not, she has made almost a record a year since 1990, which does tend to keep you in the studio. "I was basically tied to the board for years," she says. "Not like I was miserable doing it, but it was like a steamroller." And owing to that huge and immediate success we mentioned earlier, for which, I should emphasize, she is very grateful, there are probably some aspects of life she hasn't had to engage with very fully since she was an adolescent - for example, weather. Mariah is wearing tank tops or spaghetti-strap dresses every time I see her, though it is late November and cold and rainy. There's nothing wrong with that; it's just that a limousine takes her everywhere (she also doesn't know her own street address and isn't even positive about the street). She is, however, very considerate about other people's transportation needs and arranges them without being asked. This regular-person thoughtfulness, in a world-class superstar, is even more unusual than likable insecurity in a regular person.

MARIAH'S LIMOUSINE IS A very pleasant place to be, and you can meet interesting people there. Theoretically, Mariah lives in the nicely furnished, rented town house on, I don't know, some street. She does have her family pictures there and a few other possessions, but most of her stuff is in storage. So Mariah's limousine is the true center of her life, the place she is in most regularly, her hang, a mobile home for the soul of the party, always on the go, from morning till... well, morning, from dream to dream in every sense.

Mariah is not involved with any of the men with whom she has been linked. She characterizes these stories as "99.9 percent untrue." If I had to guess who the .01 percent was, I'd pick Derek Jeter. But she does go to a nightclub now and then, and is, as she says, a fun-loving girl - after a certain hour, where there is Mariah, there is also Cristal, as a general rule. ("Have some champagne," she instructs Katie or Stephanie via cell phone from the limo as we wing from the studio to the offices of Crave. "No, no, I know it makes you sleepy. I'm saying have some there for me.") She and her close girlfriends talk in a close-girlfriend code that is based entirely on the work of the Jerky Boys, whom Mariah loves. ("One of the perks of fame is you get to meet the Jerky Boys.") Composed of words and phrases also found in plain English, this is not an argot that can be understood through logical explanation, but here's an example: "A-a-and begin." This doesn't really mean anything, but it gets laughs. What can I tell you? It's an attitude. You sense it.

Mariah's own attitude is positive, a

lifelong attribute. (Asked if she was a happy child, she says, "I wanted to be.") *Butterfly* is her favorite record ("by far"); she is pursuing acting projects; and she is free to proceed at her own pace, which is both rapid and cautious. If she did spend most of the last several years in the suburbs when she would have preferred to be in the city, she's not bitter or vengeful about it. Nobody held a gun to her head; that's just the turn her life took. "Even if I'm angry about certain things, they have to remain personal and private," she says. "Regardless of what happened, I care about Tommy and still love him as a person. Tommy represents a huge portion of my life, and he's helped shape the person that I am. Although he obviously was at a very big level when our relationship started, I think we both shaped each other's careers. And that way, when you look at how many records I've sold for the company, I didn't get most of those profits, you know what I mean? That goes to the company. I think everybody's done enormously well by this."

SOME FINAL, UNRELATED FACTS about Mariah Carey: She has a little talisman of two rings melted together (one a gift from her sister, the other from a high-school boyfriend), which she always wears, along with a heart-shape charm from Mottola and a cross, either on a chain around her neck or her waist or her ankle or, if all those places need to be bare, in her bra. She doesn't like her forehead, and it is only recently that she has allowed it to be seen. She has really high iodine levels and seafood makes her break out. Walking around her large, clean kitchen in her bare feet, she walks tiptoe, as she says she has done when walking barefoot since she was 4 years old; she doesn't know why. Asked to think about it for a moment, she says, "Because I've had to tiptoe around things my whole life."

Mariah was a big fan of the last Hole record, *Live Through This*, and used to play it a lot up at the Bedford house. She especially likes "Violet" and "Asking for It." I find this enchanting and keep bringing it up. I picture her in some room involving chintz and pictures of dogs and horses and geese, wearing headphones and screaming along with Courtney Love's angry, dense lyrics, although she says she didn't scream. "I have to be more protective of my voice than that," she says. "But I felt it when I listened to it." She sings a little of "Asking for It" - "every time that I stare into the su-u-u-un" - her beautiful voice reproducing the ragged little variations of the original vocal. What Courtney certainly arrived at through lack of control, Mariah achieves with complete technical command. And it is funny and moving to hear, because irrespective of the means of production, the source is probably pretty much the same. ♦

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CHRIS FARLEY

1964 — 1997



THE LAST TIME I SAW CHRIS FARLEY WAS EARLY last summer, in the middle of the night, at the Sky Bar, a breezy, cool, happening joint on Sunset Boulevard, in L.A. He eased on out of his limo as big as ever, in black engineer's boots, a black suit and a spread-collar lime-green shirt, all of which prompted a very slick Hollywood-type bystander to say to him, "Hey, hey, right on. I like your style, man." • It was Farley's slick, Hollywood-pleasing style. Normally he preferred sloshing around in a T-shirt, faded Calvin Klein sweatpants and Birkenstocks. Even so, he guffawed loudly, puffed out his chest, barreled inside to a table reserved for him, bought a cigar from a cigar-selling blonde and lit the thing up. I can't remember what he drank, but it wasn't booze, because he wasn't boozing then, I don't think. Nor was he drugging, I don't think. He was in a fine, merry mood, having just come from a Lakers game, during which he'd made a wonderful spectacle of himself, emitting loud, stadium-size fart noises and shouting profanities. He had also just finished making a new movie, *Almost Heroes*, of which he was proud. He was thinking about making the Fatty Arbuckle story,

day, then all this Belushi nonsense would fade away, because he would have outlived the man, and, finally, he would be out there all on his own.

He was quiet for a while. Then he excused himself from the table.

FIVE MONTHS LATER, ON DEC. 18, his birthday still a ways off, he was found dead inside his rented sixth-floor high-rise apartment on Chicago's Miracle Mile. In the days before his death, he was seen drinking at a bar called the Crobar and at a bar called Kar-

seemed disoriented and unstable.

John Farley found him two days later sprawled in the apartment entryway, clad only in his pajama bottoms. It would be weeks before a toxicology report could state the official cause of death; in the meantime, it looked as though it could have been from any



the least-surprising premature death of a celebrity in show-business history," as one Chicago columnist put it.

Then came all the words of those who had known him. It was an outpouring of love. He was called a "sweetheart" and a "great guy." He was called a "force of nature." He was said to be an actor who was just about to "open up and show us what he could do." Said Lorne Michaels, his boss at SNL and producer of his first two movies, "When he was being funny, it made everything else that happened fade into the background. It was what made him special. And people loved him. I loved him."

Indeed, almost everyone loved Farley, and it was a genuine love, not a Hollywood love. Of course, he could be a royal pain in the ass, what with his loudness and his farting and his occasional boorishness around women and his frequent backsliding when it came to his efforts to conquer his fondness for food and drink and drugs. But with Farley, you



"The good news and the bad news about Chris was that he always gave 110 percent," says Lorne Michaels.

of which he eventually might be even prouder, since it would feature him in his first dramatic role. And he was earning somewhere in the area of \$6 million a movie. "I don't know what the future holds," he said. "All I know is, I'm good today. Real good."

For a while we talked about his hero and *Saturday Night Live* predecessor, John Belushi. It was well known that Farley had been obsessed with Belushi, and people loved making much of this fact, since the two seemed to share a love of certain rather common excesses. Was he trying to be like him in some ways?

Farley tugged at his hair. "I don't know," he said. "I never met the man. Maybe I tried to be. But I don't think so. Anyway, I'm fatter than him now." He paused. "Did you know that he died at my age this year, at 33? Yeah. March 5, 1982." He sucked on that cigar until it lit up his entire face, making of it a great big glowing pink orb. At times like this, he had the most pleasing and innocent of faces. He had none of that darkness so associated with Belushi, none of the addled, jaded irony. He looked happy. He looked expectant. He looked as though he was saying that when the clock finally clicked past his 34th birth-



ma, at the Cheesecake Factory, at the Berghoff Cafe and at the Hunt Club, where he did a Wolfman Jack impression and let strippers drape themselves over his body. He'd arrived at the Hunt Club with his brother John. He said to a waitress, "Hey, pretty lady, can you get me and my partner a Jack and Coke?"

"He looked really bad," the waitress later said.

On a Tuesday, he reportedly paid an exotic dancer named Autumn \$300 to come to his pad and give him a lap dance. They were there amid his footballs and baseballs, his movie posters, his beloved cheesy clown art and the prized photo of him with Paul McCartney, from one of his favorite SNL sketches. He rolled a joint. He drank vodka and OJ. The girl danced. He

Clockwise from left: A camp counselor, 1983; with the *Second City* cast, 1990; and in "Saturday Night Live" skits as a Chippendales dancer and a motivational speaker.



number of things: from drug or alcohol use, sudden heart failure, choking or a stroke. The press speculated on his problems with cocaine and heroin and reported that the police found a foil packet containing a white powder under his body and a couple of vials containing anti-depressants. No one could say anything conclusively, except that given Farley's history, "[His] may have been

simply had to cast that stuff aside and hop on board, although it never hurt to try to get him to take it easy, to sober up, cut out the drugs and lose weight. Many people did just that over the years. But when Farley listened, it was often only for the briefest of moments. Then he had to go back to the business of being Farley, because that's what he was mostly in the business of being.

DURING OUR FEW DAYS TOGETHER, Farley ate Swiss-cheese burgers with sides of macaroni and cheese, drank coffee with shots of espresso, smoked cigarettes, went shopping for a velvet smoking jacket at Rochester's Big and Tall shop, passed by a Barneys clothing store ("I'd love to lose weight and shop in there"), ogled the girls, gave a Beverly Hills beggar \$30, enumerated awful, hurtful childhood nicknames ("Fartley, Lard Ass, Tubby and, of course, Fat- [Cont. on 42]

Contributing Editor ERIK HEDEGAARD profiled the girls of "Scream 2" in RS 776/777.

BY ERIK HEDEGAARD
ADDITIONAL REPORTING BY STACIE STUKIN DAVID WILD AND RODD MCLEOD



OUTLINE

"Not a guy who could ever blend in."

I MET CHRIS AT OUR HOTEL ON his first day at *Saturday Night Live*. We met in the lobby and walked over to the studio together, and by the time we got to work, we were already laughing. We ended up hanging out and asked to share an office. Later we shared a double office, with us on one side and Chris Rock and Adam Sandler on the other. It was kind of like high school: You don't know what you have till it's over. Now I look back on those days a lot.

It's hard to find people who are on your wavelength comedically. Whether

my Boy and doing *SNL*, it could get hard to be together 24 hours a day. I used to say that we were like an old married couple except that we slept in the same bed. But everything eventually got back to normal.

When he was in college, people were like, "What could you possibly do with your life, the way you behave? How could you possibly make a living?" The answer, of course, was showbiz.

Sometimes fame is a fluke. Not with Chris — he had this undeniable star quality. Whenever we were out in public together, people would get so excited

BY DAVID SPADE

who wanted to have fun and hang out with him, but these are the same dipshits who are going to be writing books in six months — you know, the cocktail waitress who publishes *Chris & Me: The Unauthorized Biography of My Six Minutes Serving a Jack and Colte to Chris Farley*. I read one report saying that Chris came into a bar looking like he was out of his mind. No shit; even when Chris was straight he looked totally out of his mind, sweating and with his hair all wet. My mom once said that Chris is like a

Saint Bernard who comes out of a pool and licks your face, and you love him; then he shakes water all over everyone, and they bitch. But it's part of the deal.

When we got together, I didn't ride him about the booze and stuff — I tried for a couple of years, but later I decided to be the one person who didn't give him guilt trips and lectures. In the last months, our times together were all good. He wasn't high. He wasn't drinking. It was all Diet Cokes and laughing. There were a few phone calls, and there was a possible movie coming up during my *Just Shoot Me* hiatus. My idea was for us to do *The Hardy Boys*. I think it would have been great — he said we had to get back to doing really dumb comedy with something really smart underneath.

The good thing is, Chris can finally relax. He was under pressure from all these different angles — people in the business, so-called friends and concerned people. I think he just fuckin' wanted to relax. But he couldn't. He felt pushed and pulled from so many sides.

I didn't go to the funeral. When I was 21, I got blindsided by my best friend getting killed, and it rocked me so badly. I just couldn't have gone into a room where Chris was in a box. It

makes me cry thinking about it. All these people were telling me that it might look weird if I didn't go. I don't give a fuck — this is between me and him.

I would just like people to remember Chris as a guy who tried to make everyone happy in a world that's so hard and cruel. And, in a way, trying to make everyone happy cost him his life, because he did everything for everybody else and not for himself. Chris tried so hard to get everyone to like him. Meanwhile, the truth was that everyone already liked him too much. ♦

[Cont. from 40] so was standard"), discussed the key to comedy ("You enter strong and you exit strong, and you're going to be OK"), recalled his run-in with *Hustler* magnate Larry Flynt at the Oscars ("He said, 'It's good to see somebody make it that didn't make it all the way through puberty.' And I'm like, 'Well, fuck you, asshole!'") and talked about his terrors.

He was always terrified, he said. He was terrified of people and crowds, hence his outrageous behavior, as a kind of smoke screen. He was terrified of the way he sucked up to studio execs. He was terrified of telling a killer joke because of the silence that followed the laughs ("It's the most terrifying silence you've ever heard"). He was terrified that his movies would do shitty business and he'd never work again. He was terrified that he'd never find a woman who would love him for himself and with whom he could have kids, which is what he wanted most. He was terrified that whacking off to porn movies would seal his fate in the afterlife. He was terrified that if he lost weight, he'd no longer be funny. He was terrified of always having to be "the most outrageous guy in the room."

As we drove around town in his rented red convertible, he also talked about his health. I asked him whether he counted dying young among his fears.

"I'm good, I'm healthy," he roared. "Hell, my dad's healthy, and he weighs 650 pounds!" He snorted, then continued, talking in a quieter way. "I mean, there's no control in life, is there? There's only one who's in control, and He'll take me when He wants me. I don't want to know about it. It's none of my business. But when it happens, I just ask that it won't be painful and that He forgives me my sins." At that, Farley came forth with a whole bunch of laughter, as if that was the only response to all the sins he might need forgiveness for. "Oh, Lordy, Lordy, Lordy," he said humorously.

We were driving up La Cienega Boulevard and stopped at a traffic light. Just then, Farley saw a man standing in the median strip, selling large bags of oranges. "Oranges!" he shouted with great happiness.

We just sat there. Farley seemed to be living inside some kind of crux moment, a moment of possible change unlike any he had so far seen. Earlier, he had allowed as how he was getting older and when you got older, sometimes some of the monster lusts — for whatever you lusted after during your years up until then — left you alone. He said I was seeing him at just such a moment, in a sweet spot of his life.

"You either wear out of that stuff or you do it till you die," he said. "I just wore out of it."

I asked Farley about the heroin and cocaine rumors. He was silent. "Let's just say I had my share of fun," he said finally. "I worry about talking about this, be-



April '97 A bloated Farley with Chris Rock, Adam Sandler and Spade. Below: In 1995's "Tommy Boy."

it was stupid humor or really dark stuff or whatever comedians ultimately do because they have to make each other laugh, we knew how to push each other's buttons. I thought it was always going to be like that. I got spoiled being around Chris and all the guys on *Saturday Night Live*, and now, sometimes, when I'm on the set of a film or a TV show, I bring up jokes or some weird idea that would have made them laugh and everyone stares at me and thinks, "What are you talking about?"

Chris was, across the board, the funniest one out of all of us and the only guy who nobody ever said a bad word about. That's rare in comedy. There are plenty of people who hate the rest of us, but everyone loved Farley. Chris had a sort of electricity about him. When I was with him in movies, I felt like I had a front-row seat — and when I see them now, I even watch him instead of me, and I've got a huge ego, so that's saying something.

People have told me that they heard Chris and I didn't get along toward the end, and that's wrong. Yes, after Tom-



to see Chris. And he'd get excited to see people, too, but then the hard part was that he'd be nice to people and then they didn't go away — it's the old inch/mile syndrome. People would say, "My God, he's so cool, we should party with him." Then he'd be in a corner, bummed out because he couldn't get any private time. Chris was just not a guy who could ever blend in, especially since he'd be wearing Tom Petty glasses, pork-chop sideburns, a yellow coat and a siren on his head.

Everywhere he looked, he saw people

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cause I worry about kids who might think, 'Whoa, man, that's cool!' Because in some ways, that's what I did with my hero, Belushi. I thought that this is what you have to do to be cool. But all that shit does is kill someone. It is a demon that must be snuffed out. It is the end."

The light changed. Farley pressed the pedal to the metal, his hair flung back off his forehead, and the man selling the oranges was left far behind.

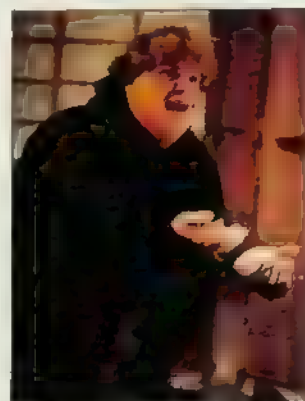
LONG BEFORE HE WAS A BIG comedian, he was a big athlete. This was when he was a kid growing up in Madison, Wis., the son of a road-paving contractor, with three brothers and one sister. He was already overweight. But, for one thing, despite his size, he could swim. Boy, could he swim. "Chris would get up on the blocks as a 10-year-old and kids would start snickering at him," his brother Tom once said. "Then he'd hit the water with those big, broad shoulders of his, go into the butterfly stroke, kicking up this rooster tail, and leave those kids in the dust." Naturally, he was also a football player - at one time an all-city defensive lineman, of which he was always proud - and throughout high school he harbored the dream of becoming a pro. He stood 5 feet 9 inches and weighed 230 pounds. He was jumbo. But in his senior year, he realized he wouldn't be jumbo enough. He would have to find another way to make sense of his life.

And of his size. The kids at school ridiculed him for it. His way of dealing with it was to ridicule himself before anyone else could. That made other people laugh. It got him attention. It got him friends. It got him a place in which he could exist. But it wasn't until after seeing *National Lampoon's Animal House* with his dad, and seeing the way John Belushi made his dad laugh, that Farley began to think maybe he should make comedy his contact sport. He went to Marquette University, graduated with a degree in theater and communications, and moved to Chicago, where, after some initial resistance - he was already making a reputation for himself as a superhuge party guy - he ended up on the main stage at Second City.

He loved it there. It had been the training ground for Dan Aykroyd, John Candy and, of course, his hero, Belushi, a pair of whose old boots he found at the theater and wore for two years straight, nonstop. Plus, onstage, he could live large, without limits. According to Farley, Second City director Del Close's instructions to him were basically these: "Try to kill the audience. Fucking kill them. I want you to make them



In "Wayne's World" (top) and "Coneheads" (above), he was a bit player; in 1997's "Beverly Hills Ninja" (left), he was the star



laugh so hard that they vomit and choke on their own vomit." That suited Farley to a T, and pretty much he followed those instructions his entire career.

Of course, the outrageous Farley act was also the kind of act that, if toned down a bit, could play on TV. When Lorne Michaels came to Second City scouting talent, however, Farley missed his chance. A bit earlier, as a toxically deranged character called Whale Boy, he'd so attacked the stage that he snapped his ankle and couldn't perform. But Michaels soon came to Chicago again, and this time Farley was on. The SNL producer signed him up.

NOT LONG AGO, FARLEY WAS coming out of a photo shoot in L.A. when he happened upon Nicolas Cage just in the middle of his own photo shoot. Starring at the time in both *Face/Off* and *Con Air*, Cage was looking good and lean, a movie star of a different sort than Farley.

"How you doing?" Cage asked.

"Pretty good," said Farley.

"I'm trying to look like a tough guy here," said Cage, smiling.

"Yeah, man, you're pretty cool," said Farley with unconcealed admiration. "Me, they put a Carmen Miranda fruit basket on my head and put a Speedo bathing suit on me, covered me in hot butter and lemons."

Cage's eyes bugged out. "Did they really?"

"Nah," said Farley.

Cage looked relieved. "Jesus," he whispered.

Farley studied Cage. "Hey, Nick," he said. "Good to see you, man."

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BOOKS MUSIC VIDEOS AND A CAPE

Walking away, Farley sighed. Cage could play comedy, romance or action. But not him. He was the guy they put in funny outfits and laughed at. The public wanted the Farley who faked his own coronary, who struggled, buffoonlike, to fit into a much smaller man's jacket, and all the rest of it. But he had visions of changing this picture. One time, while watching fellow fatty John Candy play a serious role in the film *JFK*, Farley said, "Man, do you think I could do that?" He had plans, with the Fatty Arbuckle project, a drama. But even he didn't think he'd be able to persevere if the public didn't back him up all the way, right from the start. "If they don't accept it, I'll understand and abide by their wishes," he once said, rather wistfully. "I signed on as the clown, and, by golly, I'll keep up my end of the bargain."

IN 1990, ON THE DAY HE ARRIVED at NBC's Studio 8H, in New York, he thought he was still living in the Nixon era. There were all those pictures of Belushi and Aykroyd and Bill Murray on the wall. Looking like some kind of speed-freak hobo, long hair hanging in his face, he burst upon the scene and announced his presence, shouting, "Fucking Farley!"

The old-hand SNL people glanced up. One of them said, "Fucking new guy."

Many years later, Farley said, "I stuck out like a sore fucking thumb, man."

The new cast members that season included Adam Sandler, Rob Schneider, Tim Meadows and David Spade, and it quickly became clear that Farley was indeed sticking out, in a great way. "When he first came on the show, we used to say, 'If John [Belushi] and Danny [Aykroyd] had had a child, it would have been Chris,'" says Lorne Michaels. "He broke out. He knew how to get laughs, how to take hold of an audience and deliver everything. But there's a warm and generous part of Chris Farley that is just as big a part of his talent. I think audiences could just see right through to him, right through to his heart."

He stayed at SNL for four years, during which time he became one of the show's biggest stars, as motivational speaker Matt Foley, as Cindy the Gap Girl, as big-little Andrew Giuliani, as Carnie Phillips, as General Schwarzkopf, as anything fat or that could be played fat, as a Chippendales dancer, as Relapse Man. Then, in 1994, after Farley had shown promise in a couple of small movie roles (*Wayne's World*, *Wayne's World 2* and *Coneheads*), Michaels got the bright idea to pair him up with his emotional and physical opposite, the thin, laconic David Spade.

The night that *Tommy Boy*, the first Farley/Spade effort, opened, Michaels talked to Farley on the phone. "He was frightened," Michaels recalls. "He's a sensitive and emotional guy, and he

wanted it so badly to succeed, and it was not [critically] well received." But when the box-office results came in, all that was forgotten. The public loved him. "And that mattered," says Michaels. "What people thought of him mattered a great deal." Farley left SNL later that year and made two more movies, *Black Sheep*, also co-starring Spade, and *Beverly Hills Ninja*, on his own. Both films bombed with the critics, and even Farley thought they were pretty wretched. Nonetheless, they made lots of money and brought him lots of love.

But maybe even all the love he got, from his friends and from his audience,

MY FATHER IS A BIG MAN, 650 pounds," Farley once said. "I worry about it. I love him dearly. I see him when he goes to the mall, and the fingers pointing and the laughing. It's terrible to see the tear go down his fucking eye, and I go, 'God-damn it, man, he doesn't want to be that big.' People laugh and think it's funny. But it's very sad for the person afflicted."

In part, it was Farley's body that made people laugh. It thrust itself upon the world with a sort of awesome belligerence, a huge, angry-seething thing, both magnificent and malignant, and in some ways quite beautiful. But Far-



"I loved him": "SNL" producer Lorne Michaels attends Farley's burial, in Madison, Wis.

"There's only one who's in control," Farley once said. "He'll take me when He wants me. I just hope He'll forgive my sins."

wasn't enough as it was, never mind what he might have gotten as a good-and-lean Farley or as a master-dramatic-thespian Farley. Maybe no one ever really spoke to him the way he hoped they would. It's entirely possible that what he gave off is how he wanted it back: large and loud, the most outrageous love in the room. But who could match him? Who could be as big as that? Or maybe, at times, he simply didn't believe the love. Or maybe, as when it came to women, he didn't even know what love was.

"This notion of love is something that would be a wonderful thing," he once said to me. "I don't think I've ever experienced it, other than the love of my family. At this point it's something beyond my grasp. But I can imagine it, and longing for it makes me sad."

"He was an athlete," says Michaels. "He knew how to use his body. He was incredibly funny with it, and, as they say in football, he could play hurt. But some part of him never got hardened. He liked to have a good time, but he couldn't control it. As I used to say, the good news and the bad news about Chris is that he always gave no percent."

ley wasn't just body. He was also soul. And his soul fed upon both his Wisconsin upbringing, which was devoutly religious and nearly small-town traditional, and on things New York and Hollywood, which were infinitely more sophisticated and dangerous.

Throwing Farley's native insecurities aside, there were those who thought his troubles had lots to do with what he found in the big cities, as though he was some simple country rube who got snookered. Conversely, there were those who thought his problems had to do with his being a nice, albeit nutty, Wisconsin boy who just couldn't say no to anyone or anything, since to do so would be rude.

In any event, by last summer he'd been in over his head for years, doing coke and heroin and mushrooms and pot, and drinking booze and eating too much. He had his heroic sober periods—during one of them, former SNL writer Bob Odenkirk saw him and thought, "Oh, my God, with that under control, he's unstoppable!"—but mostly he was an equal-opportunity abuser. Almost everyone knew it, and almost everyone—among them Michaels, Spade, Ayk-

royd, his pal Tom Arnold and his manager, Marc Gurvitz, from Brillstein-Grey Entertainment, which had also once managed Belushi—tried to get him to help himself. He was in and out of weight-loss centers and drug-rehab clinics. He attended Alcoholics Anonymous and Overeaters Anonymous meetings. But none of it took. Eventually he'd slip and take that one drink, say, that led to more and to worse.

Charna Halpern, a close friend from his Second City days, once threw a crack-smoking guy out of Farley's apartment and yelled at Farley, "You should hang out with people who love you, not with people who just want to be able to sell a story to the tabloids one day and say, 'I got high with Chris Farley before he died.'"

At the same time, Farley was well aware of his faults. He admitted them often. He even knew that what he should really do was work constantly, idle hands being what they are. Indeed, with many millions of dollars at stake, Hollywood studios weren't about to take any chances, so when Farley made a movie, they made sure he stayed clean. During the making of *Almost Heroes*, according to producer Denise DiNovi, he had to attend AA meetings daily. And while providing the lead voice for the DreamWorks animated movie *Shrek*, he was under watch 24 hours a day.

Last July, a tabloid reported that Farley had once again entered a weight-loss

clinic. Two weeks later, another tabloid reported that he was actually in a rehab clinic, battling a heroin problem, although a Farley spokesman denied it.

Around this time, I happened to talk to Farley's brother Tom, who said, "Every time I read something in the paper, it's like, 'Well, his managers want him to do this or that, and it's good for his career, so he's got to lose some weight or we won't do this or that.' And I've always said, 'Well, shut, when is someone going to be concerned about his well-being?' I don't care if his career goes tomorrow. I'd rather have a live bum than a dead ex-star."

HIS LAST BIG PUBLIC MOMENT was in October, when, after a stint in a rehab clinic, he flew to New York to host *Saturday Night Live*. He was supposed to arrive with someone to watch over him, but he came alone and already drinking. "The second I saw him at the first meeting, I knew he was looped," says one SNL staffer. Indeed, the entire week was apparently a debauch; one report had Farley latching onto a [Cont. on 72]



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THE WORLD'S ONLY MILLION

The streets of Prague are walked freely these days, but Alice Nutter knows them from way back, before the stunning collapse of communism and the even stranger rise of her band, Chumbawamba. ¶ It's a cold, rainy night in the Czech Republic, and Nutter is killing time, wandering the cobblestones before she plays a sold-out show to 1,200 waiting fans. Chumbawamba divide their duties evenly, and

Nutter – with her bright-blue hair and affable, bookish manner – serves as the group's primary spokeswoman. When she reaches a gated passageway, she stops. ¶ “We played a show down there once,” says Nutter,

C H U M B A



pointing into the dark. “Before the wall came down. It was this tiny squat, basically. And all these kids from Poland came on trains and buses from, like, 10 hours away. It was incredible. We had to play again the next night just so the people from Prague could see us.”

Nutter walks on, reminiscing about the days when her group's records were available here only through a small underground network. Back then there was order to the universe. The Cold War was a constant, as was the fact that Chumbawamba would never be anything but an obscure eight-person collective of anarchists from Leeds, England. The emergence of the band's *Tubthumper* – a Top 10 album featuring the sensation “Tubthumping” – was about as likely as jailed playwright Vaclav Havel being elected president of the then-Czechoslovakia.

Nutter takes a left and heads toward the club. It's only 20 minutes before show time. She passes her band mate Dunstan Bruce at a pay phone, but the fans milling about in front of the venue take no notice. A lot might have changed since the upheavals of 1989; Chumbawamba might be the most unlikely success story of this or any year; but they still



ABOVE: DANBERT NOBACON, HARRY HAMER, LOU WATTS, PAUL GRECO, ALICE NUTTER (FROM LEFT). FAR RIGHT NUTTER, JUDE ABBOTT, DUNSTAN BRUCE, SOFF

aren't recognizable pop stars. Things haven't gotten that weird.

PART I: THE SUBTLETY OF CHUMBA

“THIS SONG IS DEDICATED TO NOEL GALLAGHER and Prime Minister Tony Blair,” shouts Dunstan Bruce before the group's second song. “They're great friends. They drink champagne together.” He pauses to let the insult sink in, then adds, “This song is called ‘I Can't Hear You 'Cause Your Mouth's Full of Shit.’”

And then music and lyrics collide at once. Bruce and fellow vocalist Danbert Nobacon lurch and rap at the front of the stage: “I can't hear you 'cause your mouth's full of shit/I can't hear you 'cause

your mouth's full of shit/Do something about it/I can't hear you 'cause your mouth's full of shit.”

Suddenly the lilting voice of Lou Watts floats in: “If you think you're God's gift, you're a liar,” she sings. “I wouldn't piss on you if you were on fire.”

And then Bruce and Nobacon get back to work.

“I can't hear you 'cause your mouth's full of shit/I can't hear you . . .”

Even in English, the Czech crowd understands every word.

WITH SUCH UNPLEASANTNESS OUT OF THE WAY, the band members retreat backstage after the show, where they chat and lounge idly. They drink a

SELLING ANARCHISTS

whiskey drink, they drink a vodka drink, they drink a lager drink. Unfortunately, there is no cider available to round out the lyrical synchronicity.

All eight band members wear stark black shoes, black socks, black army pants, black sweaters. It's as if they're trying to blend into the cover of a Spinal Tap album. How much more black could they be wearing? The answer is none. None more black.

"You look all raggle-taggle if you don't decide," says Nutter of the dress code. "Imagine if the Black Panthers had worn woolly jumpers, all different colors."

In truth, however, the members of Chumbawamba look less like a militant organization than like a group of philosophy grad students. They are in their early to mid-30s, extremely friendly, pale, studious and obviously in tight with the fringe elements of the world's hairstylists. There is Nutter (vocals, percus-

stupid costumes. It's not dignified. It's more Liza Minnelli than Verve."

FOR SELF-PROCLAIMED ANARCHISTS, CHUMBAWAMBA are the most precisely organized, democratic group of people you could ever meet. Granted, they subscribe less to the idea of anarchism as chaos than to the definition of it as a fight to keep society from being corrupted by institutions of authority. They hate the police; they encourage fans to shoplift their albums from large retail chains; they've spent much of their career living off welfare in order to subvert the system.

In accordance with these principles, every single Chumbawamba decision, down to the color of socks worn onstage, is put to a vote; each member is assigned a musical and an administrative duty; and all money is distributed evenly, even among the band's road crew.

the intricacies of the Chumba organization. Sometime during the drive from Poland to Hungary, his hair went from bleach-white to Kool-Aid red. He doesn't mention what vote tally the new coif garnered.

"We had a meeting recently about this stuffed turkey," says Boff, describing the group's process.

Bruce interrupts. "Come on - it's a puppet."

"This Irish puppet turkey called Dustin the Turkey," concedes Boff. "Apparently he was Ireland's biggest-selling artist two years ago. This stuffed turkey - excuse me, puppet turkey."

"Stop dissing the turkey," yells Bruce. "You're not taking the turkey seriously."

"So, anyway," continues Boff, "the turkey wants to do a version of 'Tubthumping.' But the turkey wants to change all the lyrics so it's about mending the roads. And it became a thing where I was the baddie. Everybody else was falling over laughing and saying, 'Give the turkey our song.' But I said, 'No, it's not right.'"

"So," I ask, "do you hate all turkeys or just this particular turkey?"

"No, I don't hate the turkey," shouts Boff. He

CHUMBAWAMBA



sion, blue hair), Nobacon (vocals, no hair), Bruce (vocals, percussion, bleached hair) and Watts (vocals, keyboards, spiky hair). And then there are the others: Boff (vocals, guitar, bleached hair), Harry Hamer (drums, leopard-patterned hair), Jude Abbott (vocals, trumpet, bleached hair) and, finally, Paul Greco, the bassist and owner of a hairdo somewhere in transition from Sid Vicious to Coolio, or vice versa.

They are an odd lot. Earlier in the day, at a photo shoot, they scowled at the camera in unison. The moment the photographer took a break, however, they began laughing and joking like the old friends they are. You can feign anger only for so long. "If you see us live, you know we have a sense of humor because we're just not cool," says Nutter. "We wear

"When we first started, we thought, 'We're an anarchist collective, therefore there will be eight people in the mixing room trying to mix an album,'" says Boff, who along with Hamer handles all mixing and most musical duties. "And you can't. The bass goes up, so the snare drum has to come up, and then everything just gets louder."

It is midafternoon in Budapest, Hungary. The band has traveled here from Prague, by way of a show for 8,000 fans in Katowice, Poland. Boff is sitting with Bruce and Hamer in a cavernous cafe, trying to explain

leans back in his chair, dejected, as his friends laugh. "I like the turkey," he says. "If the turkey wants a fresh song, we'll write it one."

THE E-CLUB IN BUDAPEST LIES ON THE EXTREME outer rim of the city, in a desolate, wooded area - an obvious outpost from the days when such venues were frowned upon. It's bitter cold and pouring rain, and the 1,500-person-capacity club has been oversold, leaving hundreds of Hungarian teens huddled outside. Backstage, Paul Greco snatches them food from the dressing room and talks to security [Cont. on 69]

BY CHRIS MUNDY

SUGAR DADDIES

PATTI O'BRIEN
MARK SELIGER



Sugar Ray (FROM LEFT): Stan Frazier's hooded jacket, \$125, by Spiewak; turtleneck, \$50, by Gap; snowboard bib pants, \$210, by Sims; sunglasses, \$95, by Smith; gloves, \$100, snowboard boots, \$150, Custom 48 snowboard, \$430, and Freestyle bindings, \$170, all by Burton. Mark McGrath's hooded down pullover jacket, \$180, by Bear U.S.A., fleece turtleneck, \$100, by Tommy Hilfiger; leather insulated gloves, \$45, by Nautica Competition. Craig Bullock's down jacket, \$175, by Fubu; snowboard bib pants, \$175, by

Nautica Competition; knit hat, \$25, by Mecca; sunglasses, \$20, by Guess? Eyewear. Murphy Karges' hooded down jacket, \$250, and gloves, \$45, by Nautica Competition; snowboard pants, \$130, by No Fear; goggles with skull hologram, \$75, by Scott; snowboard boots, \$150, by Airwalk. Rodney Sheppard's hooded down pullover jacket, \$245, fleece zip-front jacket, \$195, and snowboard pants, \$165, all by Tommy Hilfiger; sunglasses, \$40, by Guess? Eyewear; gloves, \$100, by Burton; boots, \$170, by Caterpillar.

SHREDDING THE SLOPES WITH THE FLY GUYS OF SUGAR RAY



FROM LEFT: Murphy Karges' hooded zip-front jacket, \$100, matching snowboard bib pants, \$80, and snowboard boots, \$150, all by Airwalk; gloves, \$100, by Burton. Stan Frazier's down jacket, \$290, by Fire and Ice; snowboard pants, \$170, by Sims; knit hat, \$15, by Quiksilver; gloves, \$100, and boots, \$150, both by Burton. (Page 50 and this page photographed at Beaver Creek Mountain, Colo.)

**Drink
Pilsener**

MARK MCGRATH HAS HEARD the naysaying about his band, Sugar Ray, and he gleefully pleads guilty to all charges. "Dumb, juvenile lyrics?" the singer asks. "Yes. Three-chord rock? Yeah. Can barely play? Uh-huh—check, check, check. Now tell me something I don't know."

Critics be damned—the fly guys of Sugar Ray have no shortage of style. And as is clear to anyone who has listened to the band's albums—1995's *Lemonade* and *Brownies* and 1997's *Floored*—Sugar Ray have all sorts of

musical styles, as well. Look for the lively on-a-very special Jerry Springer about "Men Who Can't Commit to a Musical Genre." McGrath has been told of people buying *Floored* because of the dance-hall-inflected smash "Fly," expecting to get 15 reggae tunes and ending up surprised by the abundance of hard-core punk stompers. "It's like Dorothy: We're not in Trunchtown anymore, we're in a crystal-meth lab in Riverside," he says. Asked for a word that describes the Sugar Ray sound, guitarist Rodney Sheppard

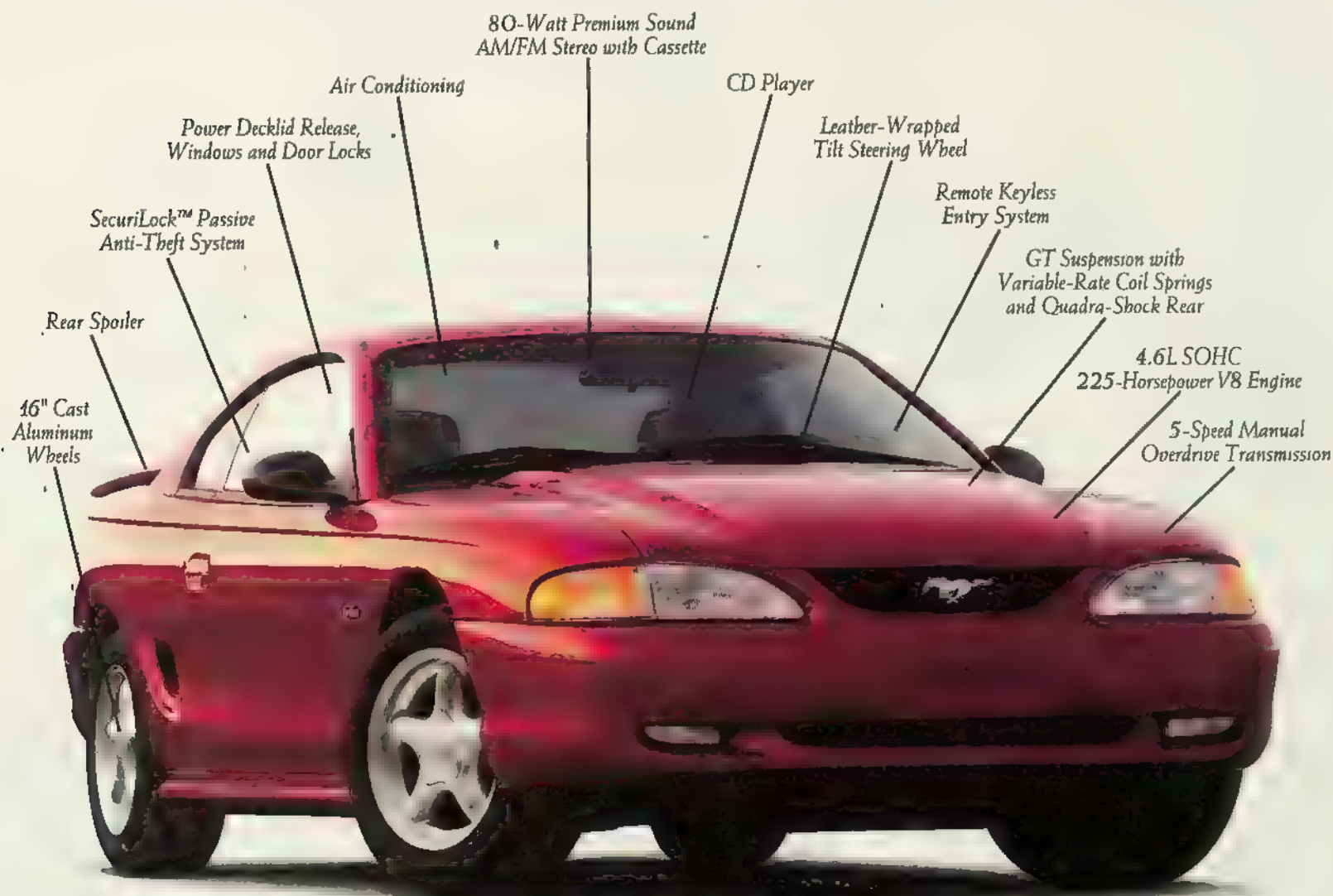
offers, "Schizophrenic." This willfully eclectic approach results from the group's privileged roots in ultraposh Newport Beach, Calif. ("Hey, I didn't get a BMW till I was 18," McGrath says with a laugh). Sugar Ray evolved out of a party cover band called the Shrinky Dinks, which would typically feature N.W.A.'s "Fuck the Police," Motley Crue's "Home Sweet Home" and Loverboy's "Working for the Weekend" in a single set. "We were bad enough players that it all sounded like one wall of noise," says Mc-



Mark McGrath's nylon pullover with patch pockets, \$80; ribbed long-sleeve t-shirt, \$100; black crew-neck shirt, \$70, and nylon cargo pants, \$90, all by Polo Jeans Co. Ralph Lauren; boots, \$115, by Tommy Hilfiger. (Photographed at Walcott Market, Walcott, Colo.)

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Stan Frazier's wool sweater, \$80, and
snowboard pants, \$210, both by Burton;
sunglasses, \$70, by Smith; boots, \$115, by
Tommy Hiliger. (Photographed at the
Gas House Restaurant and Bar, Edwards, Calif.)
ASSISTANT EDITOR: Tara Schrafer
FOR STORE INFORMATION, see Page 69

Grath, "but people were so amused by our antics, no one picked up on it." McGrath finds himself stunned that his native Orange County has become something of a cultural mecca in the wake of the success of No Doubt, Sublime and Sugar Ray. "The funny thing is, I met a girl in Canada who said, 'I'm going to move to Anaheim, because I want to be in a like band.' First I wanted to laugh, then I got sad. If you move to Anaheim, you'll be working the Pond at some beer-concession

booth during Mighty Ducks games. Sugar Ray were signed by Atlantic in 1994, a time when, McGrath remembers, "anyone who played electric guitar was the next Nirvana." But the band was nearly dropped after its debut received less attention for the music than it did for a cover shot of Baywatch babe Nicole Eggert. "Fortunately, we knew Nicole Eggert at the time," McGrath says, "and she was gracious enough to pose naked doggy-style on the cover. A stroke of luck."

The band—especially McGrath, who over the years has been mistaken for Vanilla Ice and Ethan Hawke—has been known to get publicly naked, and McGrath often appears onstage in little more than panties (his preferred color: red). "But I've gotta say, as I'm getting older, I'm developing a beer belly—my metabolism is screaming F you. So I'm starting to wear more—at least a wife-beater shirt onstage now. And I still wear the red panties."



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FACING THE MUSIC RECORDINGS BY NEIL STRAUSS

Goldie tries to give drum-and-bass the star treatment. But does the music need it?



★ ★ ★

SATURNZ RETURN

Goldie

LONDON/FFRR

★ ★ ★ ★

V CLASSIC, VOLUME 1

KONKRETE JUNGLE/ULTRA RECORDS

EVERY NEW STYLE OF MUSIC that comes along has its figurehead and face, someone whose name (perhaps more so than his or her music) becomes synonymous with the genre once it bubbles up from underground. This makes the music easier to understand, discuss and visualize – most of us have probably made Yanni the representative of today's New Age music, for instance, so that we have a face to laugh at.

In dance music, Moby is the face of techno, Tricky is the face of trip-hop, and the Orb are the face of ambient, though all of them have abandoned, disparaged or driven into the ground their respective genres. Ever since he released drum-and-bass's first fully realized album, *Timeless*, two years ago, Goldie has been the face of drum-and-bass. But late last year a rival face emerged from the underground: Roni Size, a fellow Brit, whose musically and structurally impressive *New Forms* outdid *Timeless* both as a pop and as a drum-and-bass album.

On his second album, *Saturnz Return*, Goldie plays "Can you top this?" by



"MOTHER" MAY BE THE "TITANIC" OF DANCE MUSIC: ENORMOUS, OVERHYPED AND UNSEAWORTHY.

trying to merge drum-and-bass with modern classical, hip-hop, jazz, punk, soul, pop – everything but polka. The problem here is that his ambition far outstrips his talent, making him seem like the genre's Emerson, Lake and Palmer. Goldie's talents lie in programming soul into frenetic beats, stretching vocals into poetry on the computer and building lush breaks out of atmospheric sounds and strings. With this strange and bloated double album, Goldie may have blown his chance at remaining a face. Now he's a character, because this set seems more the product of a loner than of a leader.

Thematically and musically, *Saturnz Return* seems like two separate albums: One is the 60-minute "Mother," an orchestral composition that twiddles its thumbs for 15 minutes before even dropping a beat. Pillaging modern classical for a 30-piece string section with long, pretentious, melismatic vocals (from Diane Charlamagne), "Mother" may be the *Titanic* of dance music: It's enormous, it's overhyped and it's not seaworthy. Unlike the Aphex Twin's attempts to update Philip Glass with ramshackle electronics, Goldie's minimalism is empty. It's more New Age: Sounds nice, but it takes you nowhere.

The remainder of *Saturnz Return* is a hodgepodge, mostly of collaborations. There's the angry, caterwauling, Prodigylike punk of "Temper Temper," with Noel Gallagher on guitar; the ambient art-electro of "Truth," an uncredited bonus track with David Bowie that's drumless and bassless; and "Digital," an inferior mix of Goldie's recent work with KRS-One that attempts to connect the dots between hip-hop and drum-and-bass (best lyric: "I bet they'll mention me in the next century," which is less a boast than an obvious fact, seeing as how the year 2000 is only two years away).

Goldie shows his strengths when he's working more or less alone, as on "I'll Be There for You." Here he does what he's best at, programming a tensile chain-link fence of beats and sticking lush, sweeping melodies into the holes. There's also the slow and dramatic "Letter of Fate," a moody opus of vocoded vocals that even Goldie knows is the best piece here: In the liner notes, he identifies the song's writer as "Goldie's soul."

The problem, ultimately, with the attention being paid to Goldie and other faces is that drum-and-bass, like most

dance genres, is not an album field per se. Its innovation takes place on 12-inch singles, more a disc-jockey product than a general consumer one. In most dance-music stores, bins are arranged not by artist but by record label, each of which has a reputation for a certain variant of the music – from the dark tech-step of No U-Turn to the ugly beauty of Goldie's Metalheadz label to the ambient drum-and-bass of LTJ Bukem's Good Looking to the stripped-down minimalism of Roni Size's Full Cycle. Far and away the best singles compilation released recently is *V Classic, Volume 1*, a greatest hits from Bryan Gee and Jumping Jack Frost's five-year-old V Recordings label. *V Classic* is a compilation full of big, deep, rolling drum-and-bass tracks perfect for dance floors, yet with enough soul and complexity to merit listening to at home. DJ Krust adds vocals to his "Maintain," rivaling Everything But the Girl for a pop-jungle hybrid, while Lemon D and Roni Size (who is on three of the compilation's 10 tracks) strive to merge cool jazz with rough-and-tumble beats on some of the club favorites that made the label's reputation. The arc of the compilation progresses from rawer tracks consisting mostly of cutup beats and floor-rattling bass lines to more-hybridized soul and jazz, and this seems to be where drum-and-bass is heading.

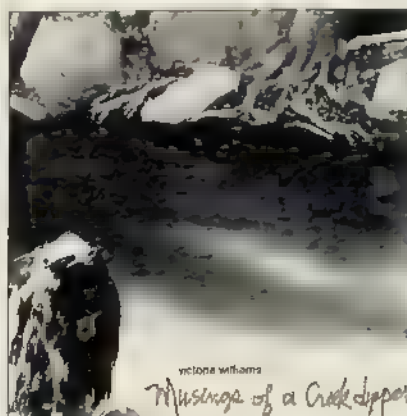
Perhaps more than any other dance style to emerge from England this decade, the flexible, addictive patter of drum-and-bass is bleeding across the entire spectrum of music and actually resulting in good, natural hybrids. After all, the most notable recent releases in the genre have been a Scottish fiddle drum-and-bass album (Martyn Bennett's *Bothy Culture*, on Rykodisc), a New Age one (Adam F's *Colours*, on EMI U.K.), two jazz-fusion records (by the bassist/programmer Squarepusher and the keyboardist/programmer James Hardway, a.k.a. David Harrow) and some kind of postmodern classical collage (Goldie's *Saturnz Return*). *Saturnz Return* may fail as an ambitious concept album, but it does succeed as a murky crystal ball, divining the music's future as a little bit of everything. ♦

★★★★ MUSINGS OF A CREEKDIPPER

Victoria Williams
ATLANTIC

LOUISIANA-BORN SONGWRITER Victoria Williams may share an audience with the alt-country likes of Wilco and the Jayhawks, but she remains a true outsider artist with an uncategorizable musical vision. *Musings of a Creekdipper*, Williams' first studio LP since 1994's superb *Loose*, showcases her

singular voice (a twangy soprano equivalent of Neil Young's high tenor), eclectic approach (touches of folk, country, jazz and Tin Pan Alley-style pop) and idiosyncratic yet catchy songwriting.



What stays with you long after listening to Williams' songs are the peculiar characters she paints with tiny brush strokes: a moonlit horse praying to a congregation of rabbits (on the banjo-driven "Kashmir's Corn"), a young outcast repelled by life (on the avant-jazzy "Allergic Boy"), an old man preparing for the last journey (on "Grandpa in the Cornpatch," with its suitelike arrangement). There's a kind of magical realism here: Think Gabriel García Márquez stories illustrated by Howard Finster.

Musically, the songs may begin with a homespun simplicity, then change tempo and mood halfway through; likewise, Williams' "musings" often drift from one subject to another within the course of a single track. She turns the album's one cover, Nat "King" Cole's 1948 smash "Nature Boy," into an eerie paean to brotherly love. And though the album has a predominantly rootsy, acoustic sound, the drum loops and synthesizer (provided by former Prince sidewomen Wendy and Lisa) on the funky "Train Song" add a stylistic richness to the outing. From the majestic reverie that opens the album ("Periwinkle Sky") to the bittersweet elegy that closes it ("Blackbirds Rise"), *Musings* offers yet another treasure along Williams' road less traveled. —HOLLY GEORGE-WARREN

★★★★ GREAT EXPECTATIONS THE ALBUM ATLANTIC

THE HOT TRIO OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, Hollywood and rock strikes again on *Great Expectations: The Album*. Last year, following a slew of Jane Austen screen adaptations, bands like Garbage and the Cardigans helped tune up *Romeo and Juliet*. But that soundtrack was kids' stuff. Here, accompanying the cobblestone plots and Victorian mores of Charles Dickens, an assortment of mostly thirtyish singers wrestles with the

shifting difficulties of continuing adulthood. They steer a collection that, although no flawless exercise in style like 1996's *Trainspotting*, offers some absorbing tracks (including the first solo song from Stone Temple Pilots' Scott Weiland). It's every moody rocker for him- or herself.

Tori Amos opens with one of those gung-ho tunes her fans happily lose themselves in; "Siren" is an exciting Tori rap of indecipherable words, full of independence and fire. After Mono's too-easy rewrite of a late Abba tune ("Life in Mono"), Cornell does "Sunshower," a bluesy ballad projected with hard-eyed optimism and turbocharged vocal finesse. The tremendously literate and creative Pulp do "Like a Friend," an intimate confession that turns into a borderline-unhinged rant. Poe sings "Today" with guitar rhythms and a suspended vocal arrangement as lovely as a 1967 shot of Marianne Faithfull.

Duncan Sheik and Weiland, though, walk away with the record. Mixing strings, guitars and great bass lines into rich forests of sound, Sheik's "Wishful



Thinking" laments bad decisions, finding solace in an elegantly catchy chorus. Weiland sings "Lady, Your Roof Brings Me Down," a bang-up production that mates theatrical address and pop harmonics. Here, one of current rock's most historically disrespected and screwed-up stars reinvents himself. Especially on this album, where many of the songs navigate the treacherous seas of personal change, Weiland stands out with a full-on musical transformation. Even more than the rest of *Great Expectations*, this song is high-minded flash for the literary mall-goer. —JAMES HUNTER

★★★★ THE LONE SOME CROWDED WEST Modest Mouse UP

ISSAQUAH, WASH.'S MODEST Mouse work a fractured, noisy terrain that borrows heavily from the Pixies and Pavement – but don't mistake them for just another small-town band

RECORD RATINGS

- ★★★★ CLASSIC
- ★★★★ EXCELLENT
- ★★★ GOOD
- ★★ FAIR
- ★ POOR

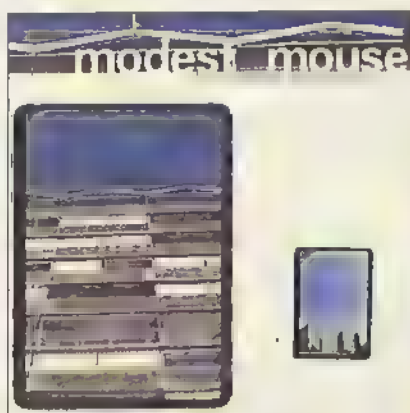
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jumping on the indie-rock train too late. On its second full-length, the trio uses anxious guitars and loping, lazy beats as the launching point for a richly sprawling sound that incorporates everything from aggro-punk to countrified guitar jams to Talking Heads-style art-funk grooves.

Singer/guitarist Isaac Brock is obsessed with the creeping of suburbia into the last rustic regions of the American West. His songs are full of seedy characters who live at the edge of this shrinking frontier – truck drivers, mobile-home dwellers, Greyhound bus travelers and even a mean old gambler named Cowboy Dan who gets drunk and tries to shoot God out of the sky with his rifle. In “Teeth Like God’s Shoeshine,” Brock bitterly rhapsodizes about a day when nature will take back the ‘burbs for good: “The malls are the soon-to-be ghost towns/So long, farewell, goodbye.” And in “Trailer Trash,” his vengeful rasp turns almost tender as he contemplates a



life hemmed in by bad luck and bad decisions: “Short love with a long divorce/And a couple of kids, of course.”

It’s a harsh, romantic vision of the West, closer to a Richard Ford story than to the self-referential musings of most indie rockers. And at a time when American guitar rock is so desperately lacking imagination, the feisty songs of *The Lonesome Crowded West* are a sign that some real vitality can still be squeezed from the post-punk mold. —JASON FINE

★★★
RANCHO DELUXE
Jimmy Buffett
RYXODISC

BEFORE HE BECAME A COTTAGE industry in a Hawaiian shirt and his Parrotheads following formed its own tipsy nation-state, Jimmy Buffett was just a singer/songwriter, and quite a fine one at that. *Rancho Deluxe*, Buffett’s long-lost soundtrack to the 1975 cult film written by his brother-in-law and literary homeboy Thomas McGuane, is a pleasant, low-key reminder of the reasons to admire the man more as a musician than as a multimedia mogul.

Getting the *Rancho Deluxe* gig was far from pure nepotism – who better to

provide the twangy tunes for a quirky flick about two latter-day cattle rustlers than Buffett, the world’s last and best-paid pirate? The soundtrack album features a few feases of dialogue from the



film – which stars Jeff Bridges and Sam Waterston as two cowboys born too late – but the real selling point of this enhanced CD reissue is the loose country & western-tinged score and songs by Buffett, including an early take on later-released tracks such as “Livingston Saturday Night” and “Wonder Why We Ever Go Home.”

Other high points include “Can’t

Remember When I Slept Last,” a slight but strong trucker’s lament; “Some Gothic Ranch Action,” a lovely instrumental; and the memorably titled “Countin’ the Cows Ev’ry Day,” which contains the Buffett coupler, “‘Cause that Las Vegas winter/Sure beats kitty litter.” While perhaps not the ideal place for new listeners to jump onto the Buffett juggernaut, *Rancho Deluxe* makes for a trippy little timepiece. —DAVID WILD

★★★
BALL OF FIRE
The Skatalites
ISLAND/JAMAICA JAZZ

ONE WELCOME FRINGE BENEFIT of the suburban ska-core riot: Suddenly there are decent work prospects for the often-overlooked pioneers of ska and reggae, the innovative Jamaican groove tenders without whom the “advances” of Reel Big Fish et al. would not have been possible. On *Ball of Fire*, several original members of the Skatalites – the elite studio ensemble founded in 1963 by the late trombonist Don Drummond – reunite for a casual, disarmingly sweet trip through the band’s storied songbook.

The album is a nostalgia play through

and through, but these rearranged versions of Skatalites instrumental standbys offer an interesting measure of ska’s unlikely recent evolution and pointedly suggest that young disciples have picked up only the fast and frenzied aspects of the music. By keeping the emphasis on spare, relentlessly bubbly backbeats and



executing with needlepoint precision rather than blowhard bluster, the Skatalites reclaim the subtle side of ska.

It helps that there are some real soloists doing the reclaiming. Unlike those Latin-jazz types who turn every eight-bar break into an exhaustive exhibition

ON THE EDGE BY DAVID FRICKE


IN THE NAME OF LOVE: MUSIC WON’T SET ARTHUR Lee free. Only the state of California – where the singer/songwriter/mastermind of the wondrous ‘60s band Love is serving an unjustly long jail term on a weapons charge – can do that. But the Pentecostal-punk, agit-soul band the **MAKE-UP** rev up a mad, hopeful noise on the man’s behalf with “Free Arthur Lee” (K, 7-inch single), a jumpy, skeletal chant with dubwise rhythm action and wiggly call-and-response vocals. The record sounds nothing like Love. But get it for the sentiment and for the insert, which includes a mailing address for the California governor’s office, so you can petition for Lee’s release.... Dream time: The young (average age: 21), spaced-riff trio **MAGNOLIA** is unnaturally prolific; the group issued three 90-minute cassettes on its own before making its official CD debut in ‘96. *More Weather* (Kranky, double CD) is indeed more from the band’s bulging demo file, 144 minutes of searing diamond-guitar drama and nimble new-math rhythms (soaked in blue-water reverb) going back to 1994 – although it’ll feel like 2094 to you.... Also doing the self-anthology thing: U.S. post-rock specialists **JESSAMINE** round up stray singles and various studio experiments on *Jessamine* (Histrionic, CD). The cover tunes – Silver Apples’ “Oscillations,” Suicide’s “Cheree” – reveal obvious influences, but there’s more fun when the band heads into jet-black pockets of mood-riff-drone space like “Air From Another World” and the perfectly titled “(I’m Not Afraid of) Electricity.” Howlin’ wolves **ROYAL TRUX** pull together 32 shards of their crude-blues canon on *Singles, Live, Unreleased* (Drag City, double CD), while the enduring Zion, Ill., pure-pop institution



SHOES dig deep into their vaults for *As Is* (Black Vinyl, double CD), a numbered-edition compilation of oddments, notably featuring the two wonderful homemade albums (*Bazooka* and *One in Versailles*) that predate the group’s 1977 low-fi masterpiece, *Black Vinyl Shoes*. Call the 800 number below and you might get an actual Shoe taking your order (I did)... Stuff you might have missed in ‘97: The party-out-of-bounds, power-garage splendor of the **SWINGIN’ NECKBREAKERS** on – talk about truth in advertising – *Kick Your Ass* (Telstar, CD); the exuberantly wayward guitar clatter and art-scene, beer-bash primitivism of *Emerge* (Matador, CD), by New York threesome the **LYNN-FIELD PIONEERS**; and the tart wit, sunshine-daydream melodicism and open-heart surge of *Post Minstrel Syndrome* (Aerial Flipout, CD, above), by Los Angeles’ acclaimed **THE NEGRO PROBLEM**. Take special note of “Doubting Uncle Tom,” sung by the group’s black singer/songwriter Stew like a spooky morphing of Marvin Gaye and Nick Drake.... In order to

preserve and perform the music he heard in his head, the American composer **HARRY PARTCH** (1901-1974) created his own 43-note microtonal scale and designed special instruments like the Cloud Chamber Bowls and the Diamond Marimba to play those notes. To get his music on record, Partch – a one-time hobo who worked on the far margins of the classical establishment – created his own label, Gate 5, in the 1950s. For too many years, Partch’s small-run pressings were the only way to hear the original executions of marvelous, eccentrically poetic fantasies like “Ulysses at the Edge” (1955), “Rotate the Body in All Its Planes” (a score for a gymnastic competition; 1961) and “U.S. Highball – A Musical Account of a Transcontinental Hobo Trip” (inspired by Partch’s on-the-road years; 1943). *The Harry Partch Collection* (CRI, three separate CDs) is not only drawn from the Gate 5 catalog but also includes rare pieces, such as Partch’s mid-‘60s recording of the luminous “And on the Seventh Day Petals Fell in Petaluma.” The set is an exquisitely executed rescue of an important legacy, a boldly personal music born of a vigorously modern mind and a not-so-distant time when this nation was still a wide-open wonder with a pioneer heart.

For information, contact: K, PO Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507; Kranky Records, PO Box 578743, Chicago, IL 60657; Histrionic Records, PO Box 42607, Portland, OR 97242; Drag City Records, PO Box 476867, Chicago, IL 60647; Black Vinyl Records, 2269 Sheridan Rd., Zion, IL 60099, 800-262-3767; Telstar Records, PO Box 1123, Hoboken, NJ 07030; Matador Records, 625 Broadway, New York, NY 10012; Aerial Flipout Records, 8205 Santa Monica Blvd., #1-305, Los Angeles, CA 90046; Composers Recordings Inc., 73 Spring St., Suite 506, New York, NY 10012.



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RAMMSTEIN TOP CHARTS ACROSS EUROPE BY REGULARLY SETTING THEMSELVES ON FIRE.

of technique, Jamaica's improvisers savor their themes. They find crazy joy in repetition and care more about cultivating and furthering the rhythmic intensity than about hot-dogging through a catalog of impressive licks. Guitarist Ernest Ranglin (whose second solo album, *Memories of Barber Mack*, is out now) is particularly lyrical: He transforms the syncopated "Rock Fort Rock" into the soundtrack to some prowling cops and robbers caper, and follows the stately lines of "Eastern Standard Time" well out of typical ska territory and into a netherworld where gospel shouters, New Orleans parade drummers and the babbling ghosts of bebop trade secrets. Truly sublime. —TOM MOON

★★★

STAR RISE

Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan and Michael Brook: Remixed
REAL WORLD

THOUGH MOST OF "STAR RISE" was laid down before Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, the godfather of Pakistan's devotional *qawwali* music, died last year, it's hard not to hear this lush album as a mournful memorial to an otherworldly voice. On this collection of remixes, young Anglo-Indian and Anglo-Pakistani producers marry Khan's collaborations with Canadian guitarist Michael Brook to drum-and-bass, dub and trip-hop. The results are nightclub-friendly, but they also follow the dictum that earned Khan both his largest popularity



and his harshest criticism: One can preserve tradition by transforming it.

Unlike previous Khan remix projects, which drenched his spiraling voice in garish showers of house, disco, techno and R&B, *Star Rise* shows more artful deference than pop excess. All nine of its tracks do take some liberties in their interpretations: Earthtribe rearrange Khan's phrases amid frequency signals and radio static; Nitin Sawhney inserts the voice of a Punjabi poet into one track; and Aki Nawaz drowns Khan's cutup shrills in a noisy maelstrom of beats. Unfortunately, many of the artists here show a little too much rever-

ence and stop short of radically restructuring Khan's music. Talvin Singh and State of Bengal, two of the most imaginative and innovative forces on the Asian club scene, practically sleepwalk through their respective takes on "My Heart, My Life" and "Shadow."

To their credit, Asian Dub Foundation don't let Khan rest in peace. The Anglo-Pakistani sound system delivers an extraordinary make over of "Taa Deem," which takes Khan on a manic, punky microtour of British club cultures past and present. Framed by two walls of simmering, stomping dub, a fragment of Khan's ecstatic phrasing cannonballs through clouds of squealing guitars, hyperspeed tabla rolls and rushing break beats. Like the best of *Star Rise*, they resurrect him with vigor, passion and—most important—the knowledge that there's still room for tradition in the sounds of the future. —JOSH KUN

★★★

COLD AND BOUNCY

High Llamas
V2/ALFACA

FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS, barmy Irish-born musicologist Sean O'Hagan and his band, the High Llamas, have been pilfering from the catalogs of Steely Dan, Burt Bacharach and—most obviously—the *Pet Sounds*-era Beach Boys. But after 1997's *Hawaii*, a near-perfect facsimile of *Smile*, O'Hagan decided to approach his Brian Wilsonisms from a new angle. With the help of Stereolab keyboardist Andy Ramsey, O'Hagan layered that band's trademark gurgling Moogs and galactic loops into the Llamas' pastoral pop sound.

The procedure couldn't have worked better. The electronic embellishments on *Cold and Bouncy* (the Llamas' fourth album) help focus their melodies—especially on the serene "Tilting Windmills"—and veer the band away from the mere rock revivalism and occasional aimless wafting that they were prone to in the past. As Brian Wilson once said, "Won, won, wonderful." —JON WIEDERHORN

★★★

JURASSIC 5

RUMBLE/PICKININNY

LABORING ON THE FRINGES OF the commercial hip-hop world, Los Angeles' Jurassic 5 have come up with the year's most convincing cure for what they call "this rap disease," i.e., everything that ails the music in the '90s. The miscalculated 5—four MCs (led by the charming, bass-voiced Chali 2na) plus two DJs (Cut Chemist and Nu-Mark)—make being old school a way of life. Their phenomenal debut EP gives hip-hop's forgotten roots plenty of water and

sunshine by matching charismatic solo rhymes and infectious group harmonies with deftly collaged beats and colorful sampling. With tracks as original and varied as the feel-good anthem "Concrete Schoolyard" and Cut Chemist's how-to mixology seminar "Lesson 6: The Lecture," Jurassic 5 remind us that the true creative home of hip-hop is still somewhere underground. —JOSH KUN



★★★

FEATURING... ICE CUBE

Ice Cube and Various Artists
PRIORITY

1997 SAW THE WORLDS OF HIP-hop and R&B take the concept of guest rappers to a ludicrous level—no one seemed to finish a track or a thought on his own. This collection of previously released Ice Cube tracks, featuring the likes of Yo-Yo, Chuck D., Scarface and Dr. Dre, shows that Cube, while at the head of this dubious trend, remains one of the few who knows how to collaborate with purpose. Whether it's the controversial turn on "Natural Born Killaz" (in which Cube and Dre seemingly make light of Nicole Brown Simpson's murder) or the playful battle of the sexes with Yo-Yo on "It's a Man's World," Ice Cube employs the skills of other rappers to underscore his own strengths or reveal an angle of his persona. *Featuring...* is a lesson in artistry for rappers just dueting with the charts' latest darlings. —ERNEST HARDY

★★★

100 YEAR THING

Chris Stills
ATLANTIC

FEW ALBUMS THESE DAYS BEGIN with a minute of moody strumming and picking on acoustic guitar, but Chris Stills is perfectly content to kick it old-school style. This debut by the 23-year-old son of Stephen Stills is replete with musical and verbal evocations of dad's legendary combo, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. The multi-layered harmonies, melodic loveliness

and hippie transcendentalism ("In the end, you know, we're all gonna die/That's all right") all ring familiar.

But *100 Year Thing* isn't merely *Déjà Vu* all over again. Stills is a singer, songwriter and guitarist of impressive skill, and these 13 tunes come across on their own eloquent terms. Songs such as the title track and "Lucifer and Jane" are tales of wanderlust and identity quest that are neither jaded nor sappy. He does occasionally misstep—unfortunate images like "those razor blades of time" crop up far too often. But Stills derives from sturdy stock, and those razor blades notwithstanding, *100 Year Thing* is built to stand time's test. —ANTHONY DECURTIS



★★★

SEHNSUCHT

Rammstein
SLASH

A SEXTET OF EAST GERMAN SEX-tual-torture fanatics that has been accused of luring the youth of Europe toward communist bliss (and who also appeared on David Lynch's *Lost Highway* soundtrack), Rammstein have secured Top 10 spots across the continent this fall in part by regularly setting themselves on fire in concert. Their guitars grind like an overbearing ear-bleed machine, locking into *Sehnsucht*'s electronic ticktock rhythms with icy Aryan precision. The Überserious guttural delivery of ex-Olympic swimmer Till Lindemann lends the band a melodramatic sense of melody as muscular as it is mannered. He rolls hard consonants, hiccups like Falco, begs us *auf Deutsch* to bend over and punish him like a certified son of "Sprockets." Haunted opera-diva counterpoint, morose Moorish gargling and cathedrals of synthesized strings waft out of the blustering abyss, making *Sehnsucht* a soundtrack less for World War III than for its desolate aftermath. —CHUCK EDDY

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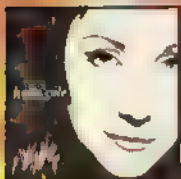
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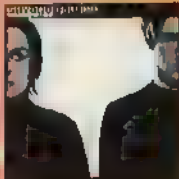
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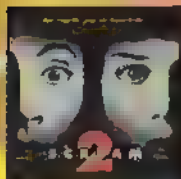
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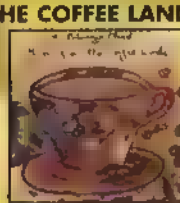
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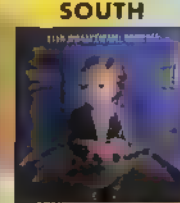
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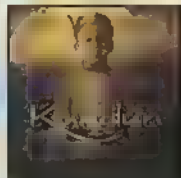
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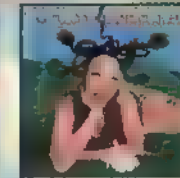
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BRIT-BACKLASH ALERT

MOVIES BY PETER TRAVERS

The screen debut of the Spice Girls and the 20th go-round for James Bond make an art out of crass packaging and a botch job out of filmmaking

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S really, really wrong with *Spiceworld*, check out the trailer. The same thing goes for *Tomorrow Never Dies*, the latest James Bond caper. These greedy bundles from Britain aren't movies at all; they're merchandising units designed to milk a trend for every last buck. So why suffer through two hours of crude promotion and product plugs when a two-minute trailer can work you over with less wear and tear? Pay close attention, and thank me later.

The Spice Girls, together since 1993, are relatively new at this con game — *Spiceworld*, though shamelessly ripped off from the classic 1964 Beatles flick *A Hard Day's Night*, is the Fab Five's first film. *Tomorrow Never Dies*, the 20th Bondathon if you count Woody Allen's comic take 30 years ago in *Casino Royale*, exploits the same 007 formula, which hasn't been shaken or stirred since Sean Connery ogled the first Bond Girl (Ursula Andress) back in 1962 with *Dr. No*.

Is there a link between Spice Girls and Bond Girls? You bet, and *Spiceworld* wastes no time cementing it. The trailer opens with an image of a globe and a disembodied voice: "When the world is in trouble. When our future is in danger. We call upon one man." And what man do we see? Roger Moore — James Bond from 1973 to 1985. Says the voice: "But when he's busy, he calls five girls." Out they come, feet first — oh, those strappy heels; oh, those platforms: Emma Bunton (Baby Spice), Geri Halliwell (Ginger Spice), Melanie Brown (Scary Spice), Melanie Chisholm (Sporty Spice), Victoria Adams (Posh Spice).

Now comes the character development. Says Scary Spice, "I think, with boys, you should just be able to wheel them in." Baby Spice agrees; "Yeah, order them like a pizza." Adds Scary,



SPICEWORLD

STARRING
The Spice Girls

TOMORROW NEVER DIES

STARRING
Pierce Brosnan

"Yeah, no cheese." Next up are the supporting characters. Elton John, Bob Geldof and Elvis Costello do cameos. That doesn't count. Richard E. Grant plays Clifford, the bossy manager who is organizing their first live concert, at London's Royal Albert Hall, and negotiating with an American producer (George Wendt) for a movie.

How's that for art imitating life? The difference is that in November the Spice Girls fired their real manager, Simon Fuller, who put their name on every-

thing from potato crisps to wallpaper. Ginger Spice took over temporarily, although at the London premiere of *Spiceworld*, she offered the job to royal fan Prince Charles, who attended with sons William and Harry. "I am very expensive," said Charles jokingly. Fuller's brother, Kim, wrote the screenplay for *Spiceworld*, which is dull enough to qualify as family revenge. Meanwhile, faced with the disappointing sales of their second album and a media backlash that prompted *Time* magazine to label them "Most Likely to Succeed and Then Be Forgotten the Next Morning," the Spice Girls have taken to self-promotion even more flagrantly than before. Said Baby Spice of the band's \$26 million movie, "[Prince] Harry told us, 'I'm going to tell all my friends to come to see it,' so that was really nice."

Indeed. It's too bad the girls couldn't persuade the motherless princes to appear in the trailer. But the trailer has its own tricks, including ways to defuse

criticism before the film opens in the U.S. on Super Bowl weekend. "Yeah, but can they act?" asks one cynical wag, to which Scary Spice responds unforgettably: "Blah, blah, blah. Girl Power. Feminism. Ya know what I mean?"

Loud and clear, Scary. The ending of the trailer takes promotion to the turbo level. As the girls sing, you realize just how many plugs it takes to fill the Albert Hall. No limits. The following words — some in capitals for proper emphasis — are superimposed: "Music from the motion picture can be found on TWO original albums, SPICE and SPICEWORLD. The SPICE American Concert Tour Starts Summer 1998."

Tomorrow Never Dies, starring Pierce Brosnan in his second outing (following *GoldenEye*) as British Agent 007, nearly outdoes *Spiceworld* in product placement. "Bond," declaims Brosnan at the start of the teaser trailer. "You know the rest." Yes, James, we do. We know that the formula for Bond films has atrophied since Sean Connery first gave it life. If Connery was Sexy Bond and George Lazenby was One-Shot Bond and Roger Moore was Geezer Bond and Timothy Dalton was Bored Bond, then Brosnan should be Posh Bond. Less an actor than a model — some call him a hood ornament — Brosnan looks elegant wearing a tuxedo by Brioni of Rome (\$3,800), wielding a cell phone by Ericsson (\$299) or sipping vodka by — oh, let's leave the plugs to the movie.

You can see most of the plugs in the trailer. As most fans of the early, better Bond films know, the only life left in the series is in the gadgets. Sex is almost nonexistent in *Tomorrow Never Dies*. Teri Hatcher reveals her bare back to Bond as the wife of media tycoon Elliot Carver (Jonathan Pryce), but the moment is over in a flash and is shown in the trailer. Asian action star Michelle Yeoh appears as a bad-guy buster, but nary a hot look is exchanged between her and Bond, let alone bodily fluids. As for humor, Brosnan can deaden a double-entendre faster than he can change outfits. Seeing the buildings that Carver has erected in his own honor, Bond talks of the tycoon's "edifice complex." Ouch.

Gadget freaks can take solace in the BMW 750iL — priced at \$92,000, but that's without the unit prepared by Q (Desmond Llewelyn) so Bond can drive it by remote control and let fly with tear gas and rockets. It's the best scene in the



The Spice Girls enjoy a hard day's night: Pierce Brosnan's Agent 007 proves that yesterday never dies.



flick – and also visible in the trailer, in tighter form. Reports have it that BMW paid \$30 million to market its cars and motorcycles in the film. Be it in trailer or feature, the plugs roll on. The Spice Girls said it best in song: “Too Much.”

LIVE FLESH

SPAIN'S WILDMAN IS BACK. HE'S Pedro Almodóvar, the writer-director who introduced Antonio Banderas to U.S. audiences in such perverse joys as *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown* and *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!* Word on the festival circuit is that Don Pedro has dialed back on the kinky stuff. Hardly. Just because Almodóvar has adapted *Live Flesh* from a British novel by mystery writer Ruth Rendell doesn't mean he's lost his knack for sexual mischief.

The setting is Madrid. Horny Victor

(Liberto Rabal) delivers pizzas and plays grab-ass with Eleha (Francesca Neri), the junkie daughter of a rich diplomat. Elena has left an indelible impression on Victor simply by being his first fuck. Now Victor wants more. Their scuffling draws two cops: David (Javier Bardem) and his older partner, Sancho (Pepe Sancho). A gun goes off, and David is paralyzed. Victor is sent to prison for four years. After his release, Victor finds that David is now a basketball champion in a wheelchair and married to Elena, so straight that she runs a children's center. Their sex life is anything but dull, as evidenced in a bathtub encounter of thigh locks and tongue action that ranks with Almodóvar's most erotic. David takes love lessons from Sancho's wife, Clara (Angela Molina). This affair with an older woman keeps the

plot brimming with lust, betrayal and murder. Almodóvar, born under the restrictive Franco regime, has always gravitated to excesses in sex and politics. No exception here. *Live Flesh*, buoyed by keenly observant performances, is wildly seductive, subversively funny and coiled to spring. What's unexpected is the tenderness – the still, watchful

center in Almodóvar that draws us in deeper than before.

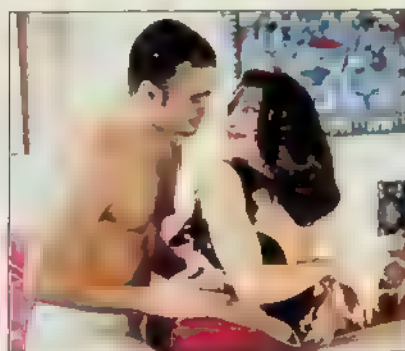
FALLEN

MAYBE THE DEVIL MADE DENZEL Washington and John Goodman do this loony movie about Satan and serial killers. Maybe you'll watch this flick on video some night with a buzz on and

feel more forgiving. But pay full price for this puppy at the multiplex and odds are you'll be royally pissed off.

What's with a script – by Nicholas Kazan, yet, who did *Reversal of Fortune* – that asks us to believe that a sharp homicide detective, John Hobbes (Washington), is being chased by a demon who flew out of the body of a serial killer named Reese (Elias Koteas) at the moment Reese was executed by the state? Hobbes doesn't find many sympathetic ears. His partner, Jonesy (Goodman), tries to be a friend, but Lieutenant Stanton (Donald Sutherland) is not a guy for the supernatural, even after a spate of copycat murders.

Only babe theologian Gretta Milano (Embeth Davidtz) knows that Hobbes hasn't merely overdosed on watching *Seven* and *The Exorcist*. Say this for Fall-



Liberto Rabal and Angela Molina in "Live Flesh" (left); Denzel Washington and John Goodman in "Fallen"



en: Gregory Hoblit (*Primal Fear*) directs this claptrap in high style. In one hypnotic scene, Hobbes walks the streets of an unnamed city (it's Philadelphia) as the demon flits from person to person in an effort to torment him. A school kid flashes an evil look. A homeless man sings a bit of Reese's favorite song. A shy professor pulls a gun on Hobbes and opens fire. Then, just as quickly, the devil is off to a new human host. Ever had a day where you think the whole world is against you? *Fallen* has an explanation. Credit Washington and Goodman for playing this twisted nonsense with the straightest of faces. I couldn't stop giggling; then the guy next to me giggled, and so on. Hmm. Maybe *Fallen* really is the devil's work.

HARD RAIN

IF YOU WANT TO GET SCARED BY water, stick to James Cameron's *Titanic*. Disaster strikes literally and figuratively in this dramatically soggy epic about a small Indiana town flooded by heavy rains and an angry river. Director Mikael Salomon knows from the wet stuff. He was the cinematographer on Cameron's *The Abyss*, but he can't do much with a screenplay by Graham Yost that plays like a waterlogged *Speed*,



Dangerous when wet: Christian Slater and Morgan Freeman

which Yost also scripted.

Tom (Christian Slater) and his Uncle Charlie (Ed Asner) are armored-car drivers trying to deliver \$3 million in bank money to a safe, dry place. That's when the looters move in with motorboats and Jet Skis, leaving Tom to protect the money, fall in love with a handy babe (Minnie Driver), foil a greedy sheriff (Randy Quaid) and save the day. Since the great Morgan Freeman plays Jim, the head looter, you anticipate sparks. No go. Freeman is slumming, Slater is a standard-issue hero, and whatever Mark Twain thing Yost was toying with by naming them Jim and Tom does not get developed. Much has been made of the fact that Salomon created a flooded city to scale in a tank in Palmdale, Calif. The sad thing? The set looks like a tank. Expect the movie to tank, too, big time. ♦

NOW PLAYING

Hollywood views the first weeks of the year as a burial ground for turkeys. Look at the new stuff from the major studios: Beeban Kidron's *Swept From the Sea*, adapted from Joseph Conrad's short story "Amy Foster," casts Vincent Perez and Rachel Weisz in a 19th-century tearjerker that debases Conrad with cheap theatrics; Dean Semler's *Firestorm* stars former football hero Howie Long in his film debut as a smoke jumper who blows back a forest fire. It might just bring back disaster flicks after the megaflops of *Volcano* and *Dante's Peak*. Yeah, right. For solace, seek out two smaller, independent films.



Ma Vie en Rose, the remarkable debut film from Belgian director Alain Berliner, concerns Ludovic (Georges Du Fresne, above), a 7-year-old who wears dresses and dreams of marrying his neighbor's son. It's not your father's boy-meets-girl story. As Ludovic gets more in touch with his inner girl child, he becomes more of a burden to his confused parents, who are ostracized from their community. Berliner stays sympathetically attuned to all parties. Young Du Fresne fuses innocence and resolve in a film that brims over with humor and heartbreak. Another parent-child relationship is at the core of *The Winter Guest*, a character study in which actor Alan Rickman scores an assured debut as a director. On a chilly day in a Scottish seaside town, Elspeth (Phyllida Law) visits her photographer daughter Frances (Emma Thompson), a grieving widow. The two thrust



and parry, walk on the beach, encounter two old women hung up on funerals and two schoolboys hung up on penis size. One boy (Sean Biggerstaff, at left with Thompson) impulsively touches Frances' hair. It's a small, shockingly erotic gesture, typical of the daring and grace that Rickman invests in the talky script by playwright Sharman Macdonald. Law and Thompson—mum and daughter in real life—give touchingly true performances.

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CHUMBAWAMBA

[Cont. from 49] in the hopes of sneaking them in for free.

More than most groups, the members of Chumbawamba understand the need to band together. They've been together for 15 years, and for six of those in the '80s they squatted in the house in Leeds that Nutter still calls home. It was a hand-to-mouth existence, and the group was forced to share everything: money, food, chores and, well, everything.

"Harry and Lou are a couple now," says Nutter. "And Lou and Boff had a relationship for a few years. The rest of us shagged each other occasionally. But you get to a point where once you've done it, you've done it, and it's almost out of the way. You don't have to keep doing it."

What they did keep doing was making music. Punk albums, singles, a collection of folksy worker songs and, for the last few years, the dance-rock-rap collage that is the Chumban formula: funky drums, white-boy power rap, ethereal female vocals and the kind of shamelessly pop-y choruses that sound best when sung by about 25 people. Yet until *Tubthumper*, few people cared. (Chumbawamba have trumpet solos, for God's sake.) The band's indie label, One Little Indian, even rejected the latest record, advising Chumbawamba to go vote themselves a new sound. When the group stuck to its guns, the album was picked up by EMI in England and, finally, Universal in the U.S.

"For years you do something because you enjoy it, and you have to trust that people respect that," says Hamer. "Whereas as soon as you get on *Top of the Pops*, suddenly it's in a context that people can understand, and they respect you. It doesn't matter that you've been having a really good time, earning a living for 10 years doing a job that you love."

PART II: THE NUANCE OF WAMBA

"WE'RE AN ANTI-FASCIST BAND," announces Boff to the Budapest crowd, "and this is an anti-fascist song."

It's the a cappella section of the Chumbawamba show - a moment no small number of Hungarians use to head to the bar - and the other band members exit the stage, leaving Boff, Watts and Abbott alone to sing "The Day the Nazi Died." It is a song they wrote as a reaction to pro-fascist rallies after the death of Rudolf Hess.

They croon in high, up-with-people harmonies: "The world is riddled with maggots/The maggots are getting fat/They're making a tasty meal of all the bosses and bureaucrats/They're taking over boardrooms, and they're fat and full of pride/And they all come out of the

woodwork on the day the Nazi died/So if you meet with these historians/I'll tell you what to say/Tell them that the Nazis never really went away/They're out there burning houses down and peddling racist lies/And we'll never rest a minute until every Nazi dies."

WHEN CHUMBAWAMBA CLOSE THEIR Budapest set with "Tubthumping," the place goes up for grabs. Beers fly, bodies mash together, and fists pump in unison. "I get knocked down, but I get up again/You're never gonna keep me down." It is a song best shouted, a chant about working-class British folk getting liquored up and shooting their mouths off. Only now it's being sung by a bunch of working-class Hungarian kids happy to be booze-addled and screaming themselves.

All of *Tubthumper* is fueled by issues of class warfare, but it is "Tubthumping" that has connected, largely because it is a celebration. The members of Chumbawamba are working-class and proud.

"What I hated about Blur was the way the music press said it was social commentary about England in the '90s," says Nutter. "I just thought they were looking down on people. I hate the idea that Blur talk in really condescending tones or about people who play bingo and watch telly. Well, we play bingo and watch telly, and it doesn't mean we're stupid."

And so they sing, as much for the simple reason that they can as to preach a message.

"It'd be pompous if we said, 'You have to get the whole picture or we failed,'" says Nutter. "The way we exist isn't to be a shining example for the world. All the 10-point plans in the world don't change the fact that ultimately we do this because it makes us feel euphoric."

DANBERT NOBACON IS IN GREAT spirits. It is breakfast time in Budapest, and he strolls around the hotel buffet dressed in black shoes, black tights, a black miniskirt and a black sweater.

In a few days he will be detained by police in Florence, Italy, for six hours, just for wearing this very get-up. At the moment, however, he is as happily oblivious as a man in a miniskirt can be. He is where he has been for years - firmly ensconced within the family Wamba.

"We're going to be weird, freaky old people, I'm sure," admits Boff of the group's future. "We won't look right. We'll have odd socks on and weird trainers, bumping into people on the street and not caring. But I love people like that. I think it's great."

In the short term, the destination is clear: Vienna, Austria. Another chance to play, another chance to scream the chorus of the hit that, almost against anyone's will, has insinuated itself into brains worldwide. The fact that Chumbawamba will probably end up being a one-hit wonder misses the point. The wonder is that they ever had a hit at all. ♦

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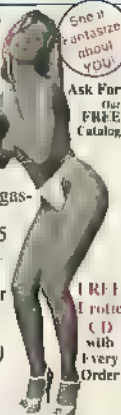
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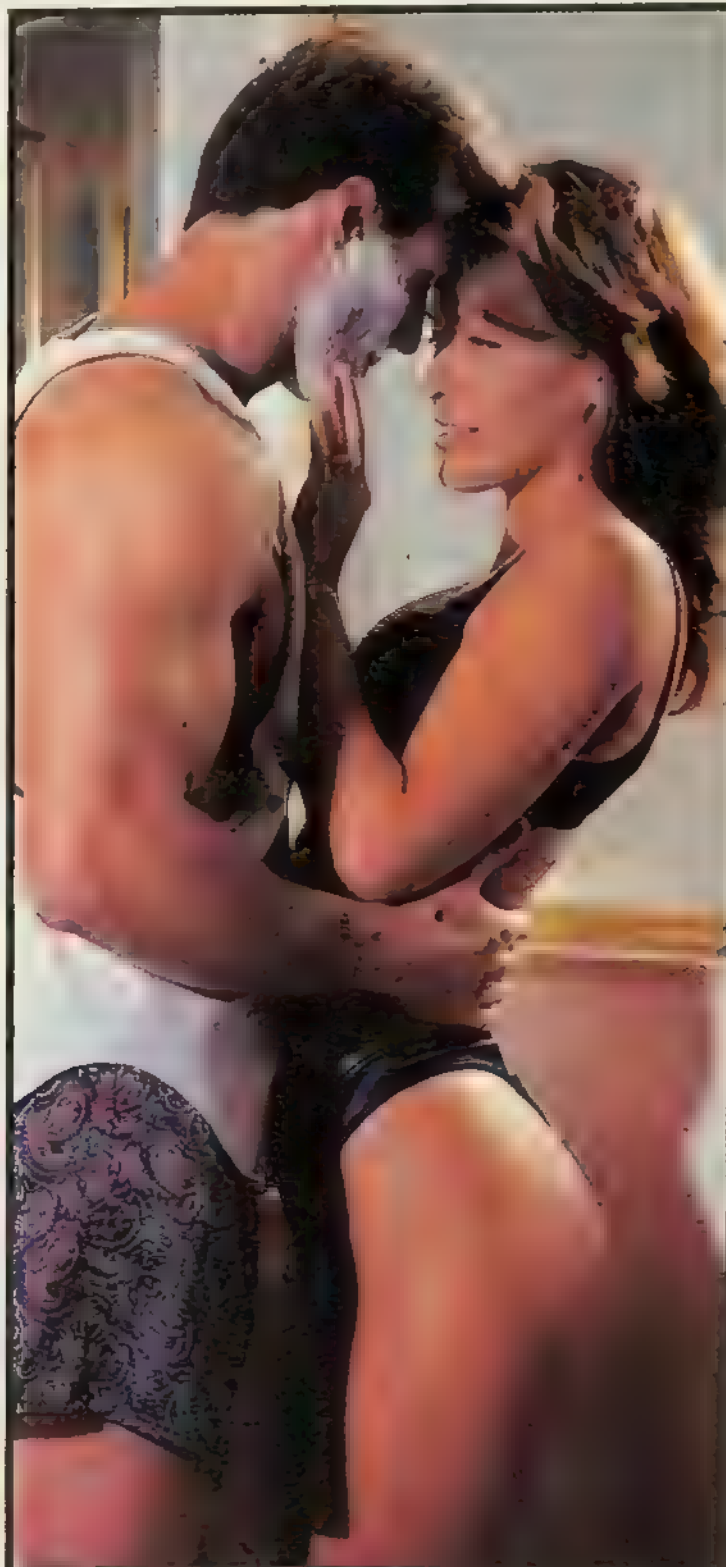
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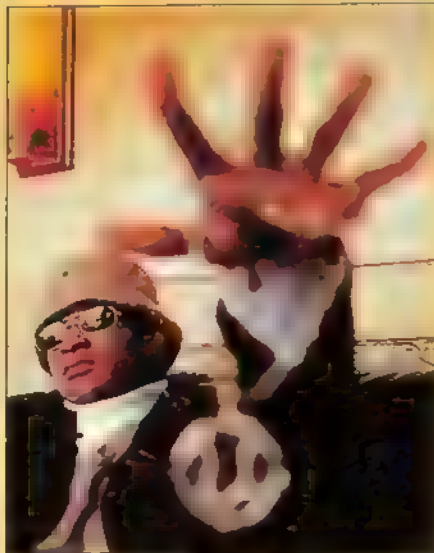
I'VE LIVED A LIFE THAT'S FULL Nineteen-year-old Atlanta R&B crooner Usher Raymond is No. 3 on *Billboard's* Hot 100 Singles chart with "You Make Me Wanna..." and his album *My Way* has gone platinum. He recently toured with Sean "Puffy" Combs, who also co-produced Usher's 1994 debut. "I worked with him when he was building - before he became the Puff-Rolling Stone-cover man," Usher says. **TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL** "I started singing in a church choir around the age of 9. Then I was in talent shows. In my first one, I sang 'Tomorrow,' by Tevin Campbell. And every time I entered, I won. I'm still winning - it's all for the good. I'm expecting to stay high in the digits."

BUFF DADDY "Women love abs, baby. If you need a picture, take a look at these. You gotta eat healthy, think positive, work out and do anything that makes you sweat."

SWEET BABY USHER? "I'm starting to play acoustic guitar," Usher reports. "It's very rich."

SAGE LOVERMAN "I want the ladies to scream for me on the stage, but as far as my personal time, I try not to fool around. There's so much at stake, I gotta be careful."

HE'S A WOMAN'S MAN, NO TIME TO TALK "I got chased through the mall just the other day while I was trying to get me a pair of underwear for the show. My security held the crowd back as I ran for the tour bus. They mobbed me! It happens a lot now." —ANTHONY BOZZA



"I don't have a girlfriend - it's an open opportunity," says Usher, who gets plenty of offers

ROLLING STONE READERS TOP 10

- 1 **METALLICA**
Reload - Elektra/EEG
- 2 **LED ZEPPELIN**
BBC Sessions - Atlantic
- 3 **THE ROLLING STONES**
Bridges to Babylon - Virgin
- 4 **GREEN DAY**
Nimrod - Reprise/Warner Bros.
- 5 **MATCHBOX 20**
Yoursell or Someone Like You - Lava/Atlantic
- 6 **FLEETWOOD MAC**
The Dance - Reprise/Warner Bros.
- 7 **SUBLIME**
Sublime - Gasoline Alley/MCA
- 8 **DAVE MATTHEWS BAND**
Live at Red Rocks 8.15.95 - Bama Rags/RCA
- 9 **PHISH**
Slip, Stitch and Pass - Elektra/EEG
- 10 **JANE'S ADDICTION**
Kettle Whistle - Warner Bros.

This chart is based on a survey of RS subscribers conducted by Dial-America from Dec. 8-10, 1997.

BILLBOARD'S TOP 10

- | | | |
|-------|---|----|
| 1.1 | GARTH BROOKS | 3 |
| | <i>Sevens</i> - Capitol Nashville ¹⁵ | |
| 2.2 | CELINE DION | 4 |
| | <i>Let's Talk About Love</i> - 550 Music/Epic | |
| 3.3 | BARBRA STREISAND | 5 |
| | <i>Higher Ground</i> - Columbia ¹² | |
| 4.4 | LEANN RIMES | 14 |
| | <i>You Light Up My Life: Inspirational Songs</i> - Curb ¹³ | |
| 5.7 | CHUMBAWAMBA | 12 |
| | <i>Tubthumper</i> - Republic/Universal ¹² | |
| 6.6 | SPICE GIRLS | 6 |
| | <i>Spiceworld</i> - Virgin | |
| 7.9 | SHANIA TWAIN | 6 |
| | <i>Come On Over</i> - Mercury Nashville | |
| 8.8 | METALLICA | 4 |
| | <i>Reload</i> - Elektra/EEG ¹² | |
| 9.10 | HANSON | 32 |
| | <i>Middle of Nowhere</i> - Mercury ¹³ | |
| 10.11 | MARIAH CAREY | 13 |
| | <i>Butterfly</i> - Columbia ¹² | |

The first numeral indicates chart position the week ending Dec. 27, 1997; the second, chart position one week earlier; the third, number of weeks in the *Billboard* 200. Copyright 1997 by *Billboard* Publications Inc. and SoundScan Inc. *Gold albums (500,000 copies sold). *Platinum albums (1 million copies sold). Superscript numerals indicate multi-million sales. Gold and platinum sales certified by the Recording Industry Association of America.

CHRIS FARLEY

[Cont. from 45] bleached-blond escort on whom he spent \$10,000, taking her to Gucci and Louis Vuitton, and maybe even paying for collagen injections to improve her lips.

"I think it was enormously important to Chris that he host the show," says Lorne Michaels. "There was no question that he was in trouble. At the time it was like, 'Do we give him the show? Is this encouraging him?' But the thing that made Chris Farley beautiful was that he was funny, and how do you deny that to someone who is a performer, when that's what they do and that's how they feel the best about themselves? But he was not in shape the way he had been five years earlier; and while I felt good about the show, I think he was spent by [air time]."

It was not pleasant to see. In retrospect and even at the time, the opening skit seemed eerie and perhaps unwise and certainly unfunny. It starts off with Michaels wondering about Farley's ability to host the show. Tim Meadows says, "I have never seen him so together. I'm telling you, he will be calm, he will be focused, and he will be good. . . . His party days are over. His last trip to the 'spa' did the trick!" Michaels asks how he can be sure Farley won't screw up, upon which Farley bursts into the room in a black leather jacket, shouting, "Because I won't!" To prove he'll be good to his word, Farley then brings in his "sponsor," in the form of aging ex-boozer Chevy Chase. The whole thing just had the wrong ring. No one in the segment looked at all comfortable. Then came Farley gulping for air during another sketch and Norm Macdonald imploring the audience to laugh after one of his own jokes bombed, "because it helps Farley have a little rest." There were moments, of course, just not many of them. And yet, as always, Farley seemed hell-bent on putting everything he had into every minute of his onscreen time.

AFTER HOSTING "SNL," HE WENT back to rehab again, stayed a few weeks, went home for Thanksgiving and then returned to Chicago, to his high-rise apartment and his cheesy clown art. "I just like clowns," he once told his friend Mancow Muller, a Chicago radio personality. "Clowns are funny. But if you look at them, they're kinda sad, too." Said Muller, "Like you?" Farley said, "Yeah."

He was drinking a lot. He told his friend Jillian Seely that the SNL gig had been a nightmare for him, that it hadn't been a good week for him at all. Seely was not a girlfriend but a friend-friend who worked as a hairdresser across the street from his place and had 10 years of sobriety to her credit. By late November, she was growing increasingly worried. One day, a drunk Farley

showed up at her job, and though his condition pissed her off, she started joking around with him, saying, "So, where's the funeral going to be?" And, more seriously, "What are you doing? You're going to die." Sometimes she would go over to his place, and the two of them would lie in bed watching TV, drinking tea and eating bagels. On Thursday, Dec. 11, while hanging out in bed, Seely asked Farley whether something had happened to make him slip. He didn't know. Whatever it was seemed to be beyond expressing. "I know he wanted to get sober," Seely says. "But it was like he had cancer and the chemo treatment didn't work anymore."

A few days afterward, he went to Seely's Christmas party and fell in love with her sugar cookies studded with M&Ms. He called them "alien cookies." Thereafter, he phoned her every day to extol the virtues of the cookie. "Even though he was out of his mind, every time, he'd say, 'I sure liked those alien cookies. Nothing better than those cookies!'" Seely recalls.

Muller had his final conversation with Farley the day before he died. Farley said he was excited about the coming new year and about seeing his family over Christmas. Muller brought up how unhealthy Farley had looked during his recent SNL appearance. "Yeah, yeah, I'm working on it," Farley said, which was what he always said when Muller expressed his concerns.

Later that night, Seely had her final talk with Farley, on the phone. Seely said to him, "Honey, I want you to get some sleep."

Farley said, "I'll call you in an hour."

To Seely, he didn't sound good. He kept saying to her, "What's going on? Get your ass over here!"

She didn't go. She just didn't want to see his booze bottles and then have to get angry and throw them all away. Like other of his friends, she'd had enough.

On the Sunday before his death, he attended evening Mass at St. Michael's Catholic Church and prayed just like he used to do during his Second City days. Then he went to an AA meeting. Nothing seemed to be working.

"HE WAS A MAN-CHILD," SAYS Mancow Muller.

"His pain was very deep," says Denise Di Novi.

"He was a happy boy, a sweet boy," says Charna Halpern.

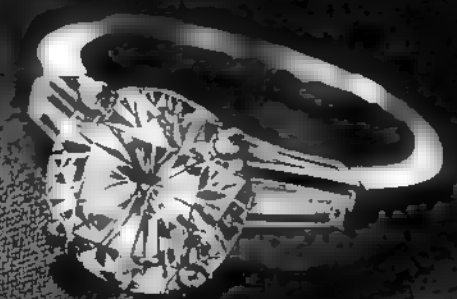
"For better or worse, he was true to himself," says Lorne Michaels.

"He couldn't get himself out," says Jillian Seely.

"Like any sensible person, he despised L.A.," says Del Close.

These are just things to be thought of, upon that large shadow of his passing over. As they say in football, he was playing hurt, and he had been for a long time. ♦

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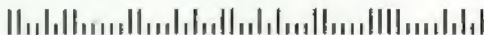
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